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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1840.

REVIEWS

The Dowager; or, the New School for Scandal.
By Mrs. Gore. 3 vols. Bentley.

THE condition of a nation's literature (of that portion, more particularly, called the Belles Lettres,) is of far greater import than is always perceived even by the professed critic. Far from involving a mere matter of taste, and indicating only the intellectual grasp and refinement of the people, it embraces no less than the whole round of their moral existence, and throws a strong light on their institutions, their habits, their present capabilities, and their future prospects. Thus, the declining literature of the so-called silver age of Latinity, might have been taken as a sign of approaching disorganization, quite as trustworthy as that set forth in the pages of Tacitus. Thus, too, the French literature of the eighteenth century so far foreshadowed the coming revolution, that it has since been foolishly reckoned the main cause of that catastrophe. The literature of the fifteenth century, we need not say, was still more intimately connected with the changes going forward in the religious and political opinions of the great European community. Everything, indeed, in connexion with literature, is significant; the style, the subjects, the pervading spirit, the moral consideration, and even the pecuniary value, are each the exponents of some peculiarity in a nation's condition, exercising an influence on the destinies of the people.

By the word morals is to be understood, in this instance, the whole range of habits political, social, and even material; so that in many respects, literature, to be thoroughly understood, must be studied out of itself. In this, as in almost all moral questions, mankind are the dupes of their analytic habits: the intellectual man has been studied apart from the material, a code of criticism has been established as available in all times, and under all circumstances, and one common Procrustean bed of taste has been applied to the literature of all countries. It is not, however, by such a standard that the productions of a national mind can be accurately valued. The existing state of literature, at any moment, is a fact dependant on the whole circumstances of the moment, on the actual development of the entire civilization, with all the external agencies by which it is at once excited and modified.

Considering merely the canons of criticism, the prevailing state of education, the current acquaintance with rhetoric, with the principles of the sublime and beautiful, or, in one word, with the science and the art of composition, it would be difficult to point out any vast difference between the actual generation of English writers, and that which immediately preceded them; and yet the differences which distinguish their respective productions are many and salient. The causes of such difference must be sought beyond the ordinary range of criticism; and it will not do to talk of the decline of taste, of genius being at a discount, or of a perverse tendency of writers to neglect those models and rules of art, which made the fame or fortune of their predecessors.

Of the changes which have taken place, and are still going on, in the literature of our own country,—and more especially, as germane to the article before us, in its fictitious narrative,—the greater part, in our opinion, depends upon corresponding changes going forward in society itself. It is with novels as with the legitimate drama; in both instances the audiences have changed; and managers and publishers, in their modern sub-

stitutions, are following, rather than leading the public taste.

To analyze these changes, and to enumerate all the conditions out of which they arise, would be impossible within the compass assignable to a single article. One of the most remarkable and pervading is the wider spread of literature, and the consequent demand for inferior articles. It is no longer the well-educated man of the world, the philosopher, or the student—the naturally refined, or the artificially polished—who creates the demand, and who consequently determines the fortunes of a new publication. The public now addressed is of lower qualifications, and the author cheerfully accommodates himself to a circumstance, which spares him an infinity of labour and thought. One immediate consequence is, that no very high order of mind being necessary for gauging the public intelligence, the publisher becomes a better judge of the wants of his customers than the author, if the author be not himself a mere tradesman; and it accordingly rests with the publisher to determine the character of our literature. From the returns of his ledger, he collects with statistical accuracy the sort of book which is wanting; and he dictates to the author both the direction he is to take, and the level he is to maintain.

Another consequence of the new market opened to literature, is the increased rapidity of its movement. With the reduction in the value of the article demanded, there co-exists an increase of effective demand. The supply of this demand, while, on the one hand, it tempts, or rather forces, the author into a diminution of labour, on the other, has begot in the purchaser a diseased passion for novelty. The latter acquires a habit of reading with rapidity,—of reading without judgment; and whatever tempts him to pause for reflection, will throw him behindhand with the march of publication, if it does not thwart him, by offering an insuperable obstacle to his progress. In this state of things, the profits of a quick return of capital acquire importance in the publisher's eye. It is not the extent of sale, but its rapidity, that is chiefly regarded; and an indifferent manuscript purchased at a low price, and driven through the market at a hand-gallop, is more esteemed, than a valuable work whose purchase money is to be spread over many editions.

This state of the market, combining with the increased diffusion of mechanical education, has also opened literature to a less qualified class of writers. Writing is a trade that requires no capital: and all the minor talents, excluded by their poverty from entering on other professions, crowd eagerly into the publishing market. Thus, in spite of the daily increasing demand, the market is effectually over-stocked; prices fall, and the author who writes for bread, (the great majority of those who succeed in literature,) is compelled to work with greater rapidity, and to substitute the number, for the inherent excellence of his works.

At the back of these extrinsic influences, there exists a difference arising from a change going forward in the national manners, a sort of intellectual effeminacy, arising out of a long peace and steady public prosperity. The sympathies of the masses have lost something of their healthy activity, a cold selfishness and indifference to others have stolen over them, which have tended powerfully to introduce two very opposite phenomena in the literature of the day. In one class of temperaments, it has engendered a dislike to strong sensations of any sort, a craving for the lightest species of amusement, and a disgust for all sorts of writing which makes any very powerful calls on attention by pathos, humour, or even by an ordinary earnestness of

purpose. Persons thus circumstanced, whether plunged in the merest intellectual idleness, or pre-occupied by commercial or by political interests, look to fictitious literature as a source only of pastime and repose; and it may be laid down as a rule, that the greater the interests which rest on the shoulders of the reader, the more flimsy and trifling are the works of his predilection.

Of another class of temperaments, the very reverse may be predicted. In the lower classes of society, there is to be found an equal selfishness, perhaps, to that which reigns in the higher; but it is engendered by other causes. Their selfishness and apathy are, for the most part, the results of the severity of the struggle for existence, and of the constant recurrence of uneasy sensations, which, while they blunt the sympathetic susceptibilities, brace, rather than overpower, the mind. With the lower classes, the desire for strong sensations predominates; but these are not to be obtained through the ordinary channels of legitimate literature; and for such readers are produced the atrocities of the Newgate school, the adventures of buccaneers, the sea novels, and other tales of coarse and exciting adventure.

Without proceeding further, at the present moment, in this analysis, enough, we imagine, has been said to account, to a certain extent, for the phenomena which mark the present era of literature, and distinguish it from that of the last generation. The change is not wholly indifferent to criticism itself. The critic, as belonging to the public, must of necessity adopt some portion of its prejudices; like other more dignified persons, he must find his nature subdued to the atmosphere in which he lives. But were this otherwise, if critics and authors were not, in fact, the same individuals, it would be unfair in the former to place themselves in the higher regions of their art, or to measure the authors of one generation by the standards of another: and it would be as useless as it is cruel. The shrewdest critics have generally lived in ages of declining literature; and they have done little towards arresting the decline, by the severity of their dicta; because they overlooked its causes, and applied to the individuals what belonged to events.

It is by no means necessary to make a minute application of the foregoing remarks to the publication before us, or to the author, to whom we are indebted for it. Mrs. Gore is too well known to the public, to render necessary a searching criticism into her merits or demerits. Those who are best acquainted with her writings, will readily acknowledge that she is a prominent illustration of some, at least, of the influences which have been enumerated. A woman of the world, in the largest and best sense of the word, she not only is well aware of the intellectual and moral wants of the class for which she caters, but she is, by habit and position, eminently fitted for supplying them. She is, indeed, in the situation marked out by the motto which figures in her title-page—"Un livre est une lettre adressée aux amis inconnus, qu'on possède dans le monde;" and her book is very strictly so addressed. In this respect her novels differ from the ordinary run of "fashionable novels," to which in appearance they belong. It is not merely the conventional forms and conventional jargon of a particular society which she reproduces, but a faithful copy of its ideas and feelings. So faithful, indeed, are her copies, that it is by no means difficult for one moving in the same circles, to detect the individuals from whom particular traits are drawn. Yet are her characters not portraits, nor, what is still more common, caricatures of well-known personages,

It would, for instance, be easy to assign to the *dramatis personæ* arranged round the Dowager, prototypes in the world of fashion: indeed it is scarcely possible to avoid them; but then it is only in so far as regards the particular trait, not as respects the entire personage. In the same character, may be found peculiarities derived from distinct originals, and combined with much that is of general, rather than of individual application.

The scope and character of 'The Dowager' is faithfully set forth in its title. The school for scandal is less a school of morals than of manners; and its texture must necessarily be of the lightest. There can be no doubt that its interest must turn on the consequences incidental to the indulgence of an evil tongue on all that comes within its influence; and the reader may readily anticipate in the Dowager, a very disagreeable neighbour. We doubt, however, whether, in real life, that is to say, in real high life, this vice is so efficient in its malice as Mrs. Gore has represented it. Not to say that those who move in the highest sphere are less susceptible as to certain traits of character than they ought to be, and rest very easily under scandals that would be unbearable in other circles, it is enough to know that the fashionable world lives too much in public, to be at the mercy of any individual tale-bearer. In that sphere, every one is known for what he is; and there are few or no concealments to unravel. The true effect of scandal is accurately estimated in that part of Mrs. Gore's tale which relates to the married victims of gossip. The calumny gets wind—the husband and his friends unravel its clue, trace it to its authors, and very wisely trusting to general character, leave them unpunished save by contempt, and give themselves no further trouble about the matter. But the novel interest of the story requires that the same good sense should not be brought to bear on the unmarried personages; and the consequence is an exaggeration of the mischief arising from an old lady's flux of tongue. Mrs. Gore, as usual, depends principally for success, upon her powers of wit; and she has been successful in their application. Her existence as an author lies altogether in the conventional world of a refined society in which she lives; and what she sees vividly, she traces with vivacity. Her pages are a complete *Rochefoucauld* of English high life. Of the Dowager herself, the character is drawn with a vigorous pen; and it is full of genuine comedy, which, if transferred to the stage, would be most effective. Amidst a good deal which those behind the scene will assign to a deceased individual, there is in the following extract some general comedy, anything but overcharged:—

"'Vaux!—the cards!' said Lady Delmaine, interrupting a discussion between her daughter and her brother, as she swept past them from the family coach to the staircase, on the day in question. And Vaux went through his quotidian exercise of bustling up to the hall table, and presenting on a salver to the Dowager, the vast assortment of visiting cards accumulated during her absence. 'Any one else?' she inquired, beginning slowly to ascend the staircase, while the blue and yellow macaw chained to its stand in the hall, kept screaming to the utmost pitch of its voice to testify its joy at the sight of Lady Meliora. 'No one else, my Lady.'—'Not Henderson's man about the mignonette?'—'Oh! yes, my Lady. He called before the carriage could have reached Park Lane.'—'Then why did you say no one else?'—'I thought your Ladyship meant (quiet, Cocotte!) no other morning visitors.'—'You thought nonsense. Remember, Vaux, I choose to have an accurate account of every person whatsoever who inquires for me or my daughter.'—'Your Ladyship always has, my Lady.'—'Don't answer me. Where is your book?' You know, Vaux, I have uniformly desired you not to let me be two days without seeing your book.'—'Your Ladyship never is. Only as I thought

that as (quiet, Cocotte!)—I thought that as I have only had three names to enter since October, your Ladyship might be tired of reading them over and over again.'—'I did not ask you for an harrangue, sir, but for my visiting book. And pray leave off hallooing to the bird, over the bannisters, which is far more disagreeable than Cocotte's screaming, and what the poor macaw has never been used to.'—'No, my Lady,' replied the well-powdered Mr. Vaux, as he deferentially attended the steps of the Dowager up stairs. 'Don't answer me, sir. I detest a servant who answers. It is a proof that he has lived in the lowest style of places. Pray did not my daughter, Lady Mary, call here this morning with Miss Langley?' continued her Ladyship, stopping short and panting on the landing place. 'Ye-es, my Lady. I conclude your Ladyship in this case desires an answer?'—'I trust, sir, you are not presuming to be jocular?'—'My Lady, I only thought that.'—'I request there may be no thinking so long as you are in my service. You are here to do as you are bid. Pray why did you not inform me of my daughter's visit?'—'I concluded, my Lady, from what Lady Mary Langley said, that there was an understanding between you, (quiet—'he checked himself in time, and the macaw screamed on).—'Observe pray, that there is no such thing as what you call understanding connected with any part of your duties in this establishment. All I require of you, is your responsibility for my plate, cellar, and footmen; your personal attendance so long as I am in the house, your vigilance during my absence, and an accurate account of my visitors on my return. I met Lady Mary at Lady Halidown's or I might never have been aware of her visit. Send Otley to my room, and let me hear no more of these irregularities.' Mr. Vaux, warned against the vulgarity of reply, bowed and retired. But ere he reached the last step, an impetuous ringing of the drawing-room bell, recalled him to his attendance. 'Your Ladyship was pleased to ring?' said he, in order to attract the attention of the Dowager, who was standing at the window, her spectacles on, and her observation intently fixed upon the opposite house. 'Come this way, Vaux,' she replied in a voice subdued to unwonted graciousness. 'Pray do you happen to know whose horses those are standing at Lord Grandsen's door?'—'Can't say, indeed, my Lady,' replied Mr. Vaux, suppressing a smile. 'I should say, my Lady, they were some gentleman's horses.'—'Of course. Have they been here long?'—'Really don't know, my Lady. I was attending to my business in the dining-room, when your Ladyship drove up.'—'Did you ever notice them here before, Vaux?'—'Not as I know on, my Lady. Nobody can keep less of a look out for that sort of a thing than I do.'—'The Dowager granted her displeasure; but being in want of information, did not see fit to order Mr. Vaux out of the room. 'The footmen, no doubt, are acquainted with Lord Grandsen's people?' she demanded. 'Really can't say, my Lady. As your Ladyship doesn't allow no followers.'—'Go and ask John whether he can tell me whose are those horses,' interrupted her Ladyship. 'If he don't happen to know, inquire of the second footman. I can't help thinking they are Lord Chichester's.'—'Very likely, my Lady.'—'Why likely? Did you ever hear of any particular intimacy between Lord Chichester and Lord Grandsen's family?'—'Me? Oh! dear no, my Lady. I'm new in the neighbourhood, and keeps no company.'—'Then why did you say it was very likely the horses were my Lord Chichester's?'—'Your Ladyship thought so. I knew your Ladyship knew best; and so I said 'very likely.'—'Another time, be more careful in giving an unmeaning answer. And now, go and make the inquiries I desired you.'"

In the Lord and Lady-like personages grouped around the Dowager, there is little salient or striking: and the interest of the story requires neither deep feeling, strong character, nor anything beyond what appears upon the surface of a fashionable society. But in Johnny Chichester, the good-humoured bachelor, affecting deafness to avoid participating in the Dowager's scandals, and assuming inapprehensiveness to lead a quiet life in the clubs and general society, but essentially shrewd, intelli-

gent, and humorous, there is presented an original really new to the literature of the day; and he occupies perhaps the most agreeable portion of the book. For the rest, a mere portraiture of fashionable manners, can lay but few claims to the higher excellencies of the higher literature; and the haste which Mrs. Gore's extraordinary fecundity (operated upon, as it is, by the stimulation of a ceaseless demand for novelties), induces a carelessness of execution, and a rapidity of combination, unfavourable to the full development of her powers. That she displays neither the depth of pathos, nor the vigour and variety of combination formerly thought necessary to a first class novel, is, as we have endeavoured to show, less her fault than that of her age; or at all events, the defect, if it be personal, serves only to adapt her the better to the customers she addresses. Compared with others, and with herself, she has, in her present publication, maintained her place, and has produced a work that, while it forms a feature in the literature of the year, does not derogate from the reputation acquired by her former efforts.

To the general subject, we shall take an early opportunity of recurring; the evil days upon which contemporary literature has fallen, will require much and frequent sifting, before there will be a chance of arriving at the appropriate remedy.

An Historical and Descriptive Account of Iceland, Greenland, and the Faroe Islands; with Illustrations of their Natural History. Edinburgh, Oliver & Boyd.

Respecting the general merits of the 'Edinburgh Cabinet Library,' as a series, it is not necessary for us to repeat here the encomiums which we have frequently bestowed on it. Success and encouragement, we are happy to find, instead of causing an abatement of effort on the part of those engaged in that work, only stimulate them to greater care and industry. The volume now before us is a worthy sequel to those on Scandinavia (*Athen.* No. 591). It is exactly what a historical work, intended for general perusal, ought to be. It brings within a small compass the fruit of much thought and study, and presents us with a well written, agreeable narrative, varied in its contents, and at the same time perfectly authentic, being drawn with no little research from the best sources.

We are well pleased to see the history of the Northmen and of their insular colonies fallen into such excellent hands. We have still kindred feelings with them, which political severance and the growth of refinement can never wholly extinguish. But at a time when popular education is so much thought of, a volume like the History of Iceland and Greenland deserves particular attention, since it offers to us that view of mankind which is not only the least exceptionable, but also that which is most likely to captivate and to instruct the great mass of the community. In the annals of the northern islands there are but few examples of sanguinary ambition, or of that political talent which overreaches all who come in contact with it. We find in them no problems of finance or of the balance of power, nor yet a single name at which the world grows pale. But, on the other hand, they are full of the records of bold enterprises, of struggles, and of sufferings, undertaken or endured not for fame or for kingdoms, but merely for a home and its comforts. They make us acquainted with the domestic life of a simple, single hearted, and intrepid race of men, among whom we can discern many a village Hampden, and not wholly inglorious Milton; and who are not deterred by the hardships of their existence from addicting themselves to intellectual pursuits; and we look on with pleasure and wonder

at the persevering alacrity with which the northern fisher and fowler pursue their dangerous avocations in tempestuous regions, where the very aspect of nature, in its ordinary mood, would strike terror into the hearts of those reared in softer climates.

The scenery from which the Icelander imbibes his grave and contemplative character, is thus described by our author:—

"The fiords, which, bursting through the rocky barrier that guards the coast, run far up into the interior, constitute a most characteristic feature of Icelandic scenery. They have all a great similarity of form, so that the description of the general features of one may serve equally for that of all the others. Having probably been at first rents or chasms produced by the original upheaving of the island, their length is often very disproportioned to their breadth; some of them being scarcely two miles wide, yet extending twenty-five or even thirty into the country, and continued still farther by narrow vales, down which the mountain-rivers find their way to the sea. Lofty ridges, running out into the ocean and ending in precipitous headlands, separate them from each other. In the neighbourhood of the Röde and Beru Fiords these assume their most magnificent appearance, attaining an elevation of nearly 4000 feet, though their average height on other parts of the coast is only about the half of that now specified. So sudden is the rise of these mountains that it is no uncommon thing to find precipices 1000 feet high, from the top of which a stone may be cast into the sea. The fiords are thus shut in on both sides by perpendicular walls of rock towering up to a tremendous height, whose summits are clothed with eternal snows or veiled in dark clouds. All around seems dead,—no trace of life is visible. Man and all that he produces vanish amidst the mightier works of Nature. Woods and the higher classes of the vegetable creation are entirely wanting, and the naked rocks are too steep for even the hardy birch or stunted willow to fix their roots. No sound is heard save the billows dashing on the craggy shore, no motion seen but the cataract rushing down the rugged cliffs. Such is the general appearance of these fiords, and the repulsive aspect they present; yet there does the Icelander choose his dwelling, unappalled by the rocks which threaten every moment to crush him by their fall. The island is nowhere thickly peopled, but these fiords and their connected valleys are more so than any other portion. Here grassy meadows are found in the immediate vicinity of the sea, and here, therefore, the natives can employ in conjunction both those sources of gain which alone the severe climate leaves open to them. On their shores are the finest pastures for the cattle, whilst their waters are a favourite retreat of the cod, the most esteemed of the fish caught on the coast. In them also the sea is calm and less exposed to storms, so that the fishermen carry on their employment with greater safety and convenience. Another advantage of these situations is, that the fiords, entering deeply into the land, are like canals, connecting the interior with the coast, and greatly facilitate both internal and external communication. Merchant ships sail up these inlets, and find a safe natural harbour, where they supply the wants of the natives and receive their produce in return."

The interior of Iceland is an immense desert, strewn with volcanic ashes or dust, and haunted, according to popular belief, by demons which emerge from the adjoining volcanoes. The calamities to which that country has been so often exposed, owing to the activity of its subterranean fires, has disposed its inhabitants to gloomy apprehensions. The devastations caused by earthquakes and volcanoes are still fresh in their memories. The streams of lava which flowed from the Skaptar Jökul, in 1783, are calculated to have covered an extent of not less than 420 square miles. Still more constantly formidable, though less terrific in their immediate operation, are the encroachments made on the valleys by the advancing glaciers which extend from the Jökuls or snow-covered mountains:—

"Instances frequently occur when the Icelander, returning after years of absence in a foreign land to

spend the evening of his life in the home of his childhood, finds its green valleys a desolate wilderness of ice. Often, where the declivities are more abrupt, the snow suddenly loses its equilibrium, and rolls down with immense fury and a loud noise, which heard in the still night resembles distant thunder. The internal fires that still glow in the bosom of many of these jökuls frequently hasten this catastrophe by destroying the slight hold the ice has on the mountain, and, converting the under-stratum into water, float it all down into the valleys. It seems to have been in this way that the Braidmark Jökul, now twenty miles long by fifteen broad and 400 feet high, was formed. It fills a wide plain surrounded by high hills, and which, to the eleventh century, or even later, was a beautiful vale adorned with grass fields, woods, and farms. In the thirteenth, and especially the fourteenth century, all the volcanoes in this quarter of the island were in motion, and the adjoining country was completely desolated by floods of water mingled with ice. Of this plain, first inhabited by Hrollaug, a nephew of the far-famed Rollo of Normandy, only a narrow strip of sand remains, and even this relic the glacier and the ocean seem about to destroy."

The most remarkable circumstance in the early history of Iceland is its literary pre-eminence from the 10th to the 14th century. It is a curious fact that the inhabitants of so barren and cheerless a spot should give their attention to letters, and should bequeath to the world such a long series of works, of so high a degree of excellence as might almost lead us to regard the early Icelanders, collectively, as a learned community.

But the loss of political independence, with the calm of peace, proved fatal to the native literature of Iceland. Life grew monotonous, and domestic incidents were no longer worth chronicling. The rapid and overshadowing growth of European letters also stifled the humble Northern flower. The composition of Sagas ceased, but the taste of the people still remains; and to this day they hang with delight on the recital of histories, particularly of those which relate to their own race and climate. Our author thus vividly sketches the domestic occupations of a poor but well educated people:—

"The inhospitable climate influences everything connected with the moral and physical life of the natives. The changes of the seasons alone bring variety to the Icelander, and nowhere is this change more sudden or complete. Summer and winter, for spring and autumn are unknown, have each their appropriate occupations as diverse as the periods of the year. In winter they generally rise about six or seven in the morning, when the employments of the day begin, the family and servants equally engaging in the preparation of food and clothing. Some of the men look after the cattle, feeding those which are kept in the house, others spin ropes of wool or horse-hair, or are employed in the smithy making horse-shoes and other articles, whilst the boys remove the snow from the pastures for the sheep, which are turned out during the day to shift for themselves. The females make ready the several meals, ply the spindle and distaff, knit stockings and mittens, and occasionally embroider bedcovers and cushions. When evening comes on, the whole family are collected into one room, which is at once bedchamber and parlour, and the lamp being lighted, they take their seats with their work in their hands. Men and women are now similarly engaged in knitting or weaving, or in preparing hides for shoes or fishing-dresses. While they are thus occupied, one of their number, selected for the evening, places himself near the lamp, and reads aloud, generally in a singing monotonous voice, some old saga or history. As the reading proceeds, the master of the house or some of the more intelligent of the circle pass remarks on the more striking incidents of the story or try the ingenuity of the children by questions. Printed books being scarce, there are many itinerant historians who gain a livelihood by wandering, like the bards of old, from house to house, and reciting their traditional lore. For the same reason, the custom of lending books is very prevalent; the exchanges being

usually made at church, where, even in the most inclement season, a few always contrive to be present. The most interesting works thus obtained are not unfrequently copied by those into whose hands they fall, most of the Icelanders writing in a correct and beautiful manner. It is much to be regretted, that a people so devoted to learning, and to whose ancestors the history of the north is under so many obligations, should be so ill supplied with the means of attaining useful information."

We believe that the library of Reikiavik now possesses at least 8,000 volumes, which are lent all over the island, and as the families barely exceed that number, the actual literary necessities of the people may be considered as provided for. As the mental cultivation of a hardfaring people like the Icelanders is in fact a more remarkable phenomenon than any of those exhibited by their glaciers or volcanoes, we shall not scruple to illustrate it by some further extracts from our author:—

"The Icelanders, more than any other nation, stand in close connexion with the past, preserving accurate genealogical registers, and realizing to themselves shame or glory in the deeds of their ancestors. This love of antiquity, added to their acuteness of observation and unquenchable curiosity, fit them at once for reading and writing history. There is, probably, no people amongst whom an equal knowledge, both of domestic and foreign events, is to be found. This circumstance, which strikes every stranger who sets foot upon the island, marks them as the historians of Europe; for which task their remote situation seems to secure the most perfect impartiality, whilst their highly cultivated and expressive language is peculiarly adapted to it. * * * Poetry has not in modern times retained that place in the literature of the island which was formerly awarded to it. The melancholy disposition of the nation, and that turn of mind by which they are led rather to converse with the external world than with the internal, is unfavourable to poetic composition. Hardship and misfortune have dulled the ear to the harmony of sound, and poetry, like music, is now seldom heard in their land. But to this there are honourable exceptions, and amidst such a mass of literature we find some works of this class. Amongst its votaries we may mention the venerable John Thorkelson, who, besides many original poems, translated the *Paradise Lost* of Milton into Eddaic verse. In his small dark closet in a remote district, amidst poverty and labour, this work was completed, with little hope that it would ever be published; the whole income of his two parishes being only about six pounds per annum, from which he had to pay an assistant. Yet the merits of this poem, produced under such discouraging circumstances, are by all allowed to be very great, though rather those of a paraphrase or an original poem than of a translation. It is in the measure of the *Voluspá* and other old poems of Sæmund's Edda, of which he was a complete master, though its short and broken lines seem very unlike the lofty measured strains of the original. Besides this he also translated Pope's *Essay on Man*, which was published in Iceland, and Henderson found him, when upwards of seventy, occupied, notwithstanding his increasing infirmities, in translating Klopstock's *Messiah*. He died in 1819, having shortly before received a present from the Literary Fund in London, too late, it is to be feared, to alleviate the poverty which pursued him all his life."

Greenland has been rendered interesting by the persevering attempts of the Northmen to colonize it. It is curious to observe the ruins of stone houses and churches on the barren shores of a land that may be justly compared to an immense iceberg. Nor is this comparison founded merely on external appearance, and without regard to the structure of that country:—

"Formerly, Greenland was looked upon as a vast peninsula, closely united to America, and composed of one solid mass of land; but modern discoveries have proved its total disunion from the western continent, and have even thrown doubts on its own internal unity. Many regard it as consisting of a vast assemblage of islands now as it were glued together by the ice which has filled up and hidden the inter-

vening sounds and channels. This opinion is supported by the great length of the firds, some on both coasts extending ninety or a hundred miles into the interior. Scoresby also observed a strong current setting into Davy's Sound, on the eastern coast, in latitude 72° which was not returned by any of the others; and Giesecke mentions several firds or bays on the western side in nearly the same latitude, 68° 40' to 72° 48', out of which there is a constant stream. The natives unanimously believed that one of these called Ikek or Ikarekak formerly communicated with the other side, and were afraid that the ice would again go off in some heavy north-eastern gale, when the people would come over and kill them. They also stated that from time to time carcasses of whales, pieces of wood, and fragments of utensils, were to be seen drifting out of this bay. The want of high mountains in the interior, and the absence of large rivers, both of which might be expected in a country of such extent, also support this view. But though these facts render this opinion extremely probable, it must be left to future observations to confirm or refute it."

With respect to the old colony of East Greenland, we cannot agree with our author that its position cannot be yet decided, and that without further evidence it would be premature to come to a conclusion. It appears to us, that Graah's explorations (*Athen.* No. 504), and the antiquarian researches in the neighbourhood of Julianshaab, completely establish that the old Greenland colonies were all on the western side of Cape Forward. Indeed, we believe that the remains of ancient churches recently discovered have been so numerous, as to furnish a demonstration of that fact.

The Faroe Islands are an extremely interesting group. The intelligence, energy, and upright character of the people would render them worthy of brighter and more luxuriant abodes, if they were desirous of the change; but such is not the case. They have a love for their beetling cliffs, storm-beaten hills, and troubled seas, which no danger or privation can overcome. If the trade of their islands, which, in imports and exports together, does not perhaps exceed 10,000*l.* a year, were not a monopoly of the Danish crown, they would soon become a nation of merchants. Their climate allows them to cultivate some barley, and, compared to the Icelanders, they live in affluence. They are patient and fearless, inquisitive, acute, and eminently kind-hearted. Were it not that we have already borrowed so much from our author's pages, we should introduce our reader to the mixed and populous colonies of sea fowls, and show him the mysteries of bird-catching. We must, however, rather hasten to observe, that our author bestows on the natural history of the north, all the attention which is due to it. If the icy regions offer few new species of animals, they at least endue old species with new habits and instincts. Here, for instance, we find mice sailing, not, indeed, "in a sieve," or "without a tail," but yet in a very witch-like manner, and, marvellous as the anecdote may appear, we have it on incontestable authority:—

"In Iceland, Olafsen mentions a white species, either a variety of the common house-mouse or of the field-mouse (*M. sylvaticus*), found in considerable numbers in the woods, where it collects nuts for the winter's store of provision. In their distant excursions for berries these little animals have frequently to cross rivers, over which, on their return, they are said to convey their booty in the following ingenious manner:—The party of from six to ten select a flat piece of dry cow-dung, in the middle of which they place the berries in a heap, and, after launching it, embark upon it with their heads joined in the middle, and their tails pendent like rudders in the stream. In this manner the passage is accomplished, though the unstable bark often suffers shipwreck, when the navigators must save themselves by swimming, with the loss of their whole cargo."

It has often been remarked, that the inhabi-

tants of the ocean have certain analogies with those of the dry land; and we dare say that there are few of our readers who have not met in society with individuals that reminded them of that vain, good-natured creature, the long-nosed whale:—

"There is another species of whale, caught chiefly at Quaboe, in a very singular manner. This is the beaked variety (*Balena rostrata*), which is from twenty-eight to thirty feet long. When an individual is seen on the surface of the water the fishermen gently approach it, and one of them tickles it on the back with an oar, by which it is so pleased that it allows another to stop up its blowing-holes with his woollen mitten or stocking, which prevents it from sinking. They then cut a hole in the blubber, carefully avoiding the flesh, through which they fasten a fishing-line, and pull it softly to the shore, where they quickly destroy it with their spears."

Repeating our commendation of the History of Iceland, we cannot forbear expressing a hope that the task of writing the history of Russia, for the Edinburgh Cabinet Library may be promptly assigned to the same judicious and painstaking writer.

The Clockmaker; or the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick, of Slickville. Third Series. London, Bentley.

THE 'Clockmaker' is always welcome; and even the Squire, whose political philosophy recalls the days of innocence and of our grandmother, and is enunciated with a pompous emphasis that reminds us of the dear old lady herself,—even he is amusing. It may be said that Sam's peculiar phraseology has lost its interest with its novelty—that he now talks too frequently on subjects he does not understand: but then his illustrations are so apt, homely, and quaint—his humour so odd, out-of-the-way, and genuine—his sketches of manners so vigorous and life-like, though not always like life—that we read on and laugh, and are in no disposition to be critical. He has now done with the Yankees and the Blue-noses, and means, in the next volume, to take a rise out of the Britishers. Martin Van, hearing of this good intention, has, it appears, forwarded to him a commission as attaché to the legation at "the Court of Saint Jimes, Buckin'ham," and a letter from a friend in the Secretary of State's office, suggests the line of conduct to be pursued:—

"This commission will place you on a footin' with the princes and nobles of England, give you a free ticket of admission to the palace, and enable you to study human natur' under new phases, associations, and developments; that is, if there is any natur' left in such critters. With such opportunities, the President expects you will not fail to sustain the honor of the nation on all occasions, demanding and enforcing your true place in society, at the top of the pot, and our exalted rank at foreign courts as the greatest, freest, and most enlightened nation now existin'."

"Caution is necessary in conversation, in speakin' of our army, navy, and resources of war, for the ministers will pump you if they can. Boastin' without crackin' is the true course. For instance, if war is talked of, regret the smallness of our navy; for, if they had to contend with France and England at the same time, the issue would be extremely doubtful. That is a clear intimation we could lick either, and ain't afraid of both, and yet don't say so. So, in speakin' of the army, deprecate a war, and say marchin' one hundred and fifty thousand men into Canada would interfere with intarnal improvements by raising the price of labour. It is this species of delicate brag that best becomes a high functionary."

Sam is of course flattered, and his reflections may amuse the reader:—

"An Attaché! Well, it's a station of great dignity ain't it? It makes me feel kinder narvous and whimble-cropt, for I have got to sustain a new character, and act a new part in the play of life. * * * Lord, I am afeerd I shall feel plaguy awkward too,

with a court dress on. I once seed a colony chap rigged out in a suit he hired of a Jew, for levee day, and I am teetotally extinctified if he didn't look for all the world like the baboon that rides the pony to the circus. He was small potatoes and few in a hill, that feller, I tell you. * * * What on airth do they talk about, I wonder, when they get together to the palace, them great folks and big bugs. Clocks, I do suppose, must be sunk, and hosses and tradin' in the small way too; it wouldn't convene with dignity that sort o' gab. One good thing, I've seed a considerable of the world in my time, and don't feel overly daunted by no man. Politics I do know in a general way as well as most men; colonies and colony chaps, too, I know better than any crittur I'd meet, and no mistake. Pictur'd likeness is a thing I won't turn my back on to no one, nor bronzin', nor gildin' nother, for that's part of the clock business. Agriculture I was brought up to, and gunnin' and trappin' I was used to since I was a boy. Poetry is the worst; if the galls to the palace begin in that line I'm throwed out as sure as a gun, for I shall hang fire, or only burn primin', for I hante even got two fingers of a charge in me, and that's damaged powder too: I never could bear it. I never see a poet yet that warn't as poor as Job's turkey, or a church mouse; or a she poet that her shoes didn't go down to heel, and her stockin' looked as if they wanted darin', for it's all cry and little wool with poets, as the devil said when he sheared his hogs. History I do know a little of, for I larned Woodbridge's Epitome to school, and the Bible, and the history of our revolution I know by heart, from Paradise to Lexington, and from Bunker's Hill to Independence. But I do suppose I must rub up a little on the passage. Musick, I don't fear much, for I rather pride myself on my ear and my voice; and psalmody I larned to singin' schools; so operas and theatres will soon set me right on that. But dancin' is what I can take the shine off most folks in. I was reckoned the supplest boy in all Slickville. Many's the time I have danced 'Possum up a gum tree' at a quilting' frolic or huskin' party, with a tumbler full of cider on my head, an never spilt a drop;—I have upon my soul. He then got up and executed several evolutions on the floor which would have puzzled an opera-dancer to imitate, and then said with an air of great self-satisfaction,—Show me any Lord to England that could do that, and I'll give him leave to brag, that's all. Oh dear, I'll whirl them maids of honour to the palace round and round so fast in a waltz, no livin' soul can see me a-kissing of them. I've done it to Phoebe Hopewell afore her father's face and he never know'd it, tho' he was lookin' on the whole blessed time.—I hope I may be shot if I hante. She actidly did love them waltzes, the wickedest I ever did see. Lick! there is some fun in that, are ain't they? It ain't often they get a smack from rael right-down good genuine Yankee lips, sweet fed on corn and molasses, I know. If they only like them half as well as dear little Phoebe did, I'm a made man, that's all."

But here we are ready to embark on board the *British Queen* before we have fairly started from Nova Scotia. Without wasting time then in leave taking and preparations, let us be off at once:—

"When the little light travelling-waggon was driven round from the coach-yard, I was delighted to see that the Clockmaker had brought his favourite horse, 'Old Clay,' with him. Come step in, squire, said he, as he held the reins; 'Old Clay' is a-pawing and a-chawing like mad; he wants to show you the way to Windsor, and he is jist the boy that *can* do it. Hold up your head, my old gi-raffe, said he, and make the folks a bow; it's the last time you will ever see them in all your born days: and now off with you as if you was in rael wide-awake airmest, and turn out your toes pretty. Never stop for them idle critters that stand starin' in the road there, as if they never seed a horse afore, but go right over them like wink, my old snort, for you'll be to Conneticut afore they can wake up the crowner and summon a jury, I know. There's no occasion to hurry tho' at that rate, or you'll set my axle a-fire. There, that will do now, jist fourteen miles an hour. I don't calculate to drive faster on a journey, squire, for it sweats him, and then you have to dry him arterwards

afore you water him, so there is nothing gained by it. Ain't he a horrid handsome horse, a most endurin' quickster, a mel salt, that's all? He is the prettiest piece of flesh and bone ever bound up in horse hide. What an eye he has!—you might hang your hat on it. And then his nostrils! Lord, they open like the mouth of a speakin' trumpet. He can pick up miles on his feet, and throw 'em behind him faster than a steam doctor a-racin' off with another man's wife. There now, squire, ain't that magnificent? you can hear him, but can't see him; he goes like a bullet out of a rifle, when its dander is up. Ain't he a whole team that, and a horse to spare? Absquotilate it in style, you old skunk, from a squerrel's jump to the eend of the chapter, and show the gentleman what you can do. Anybody could see he ain't a Blue-nose, can't they? for, cuss 'em, they don't know how to begin to go. Trot, walk, or gallop is all the same to him, like talkin', drinkin', or fightin' to a human. Lord, I have a great mind to take him to England, jist for the fun of the thing, for I don't know myself what he can do. When he has done his best, there is always a mile an hour more in him to spare: there is, upon my soul. But it takes a man to mount him. Only lookin' at him goin' makes your head turn round like grindin' coffee:—what would ridin' him do?"

Sam has, it appears, given up patriotism and politics. There is nothing he finds "so well taken care of as your rights and privileges; there are always plenty of chaps volunteering to do that." He, however, acknowledges that he once had a little ambition that way:—

"I shall never forget the day I was elected; I felt two inches taller, and about a little the biggest man in all Slickville. I knew so much was expected of me I couldn't sleep a-tryin' to make speeches; and when I was in the shop I spilled half my work by not havin' my mind on it."

"I must say that day was the happiest one of my life. I felt full of dignity and honour, and was filled with visions of glory to come. Well, says I to myself, the great game is now to be played in rael earnest, and no mistake: *what card shall I play?* The presidential chair and the highest posts is open to me in common with other citizens. What is to prevent me a-comin' in *by honours*, or, if I have good luck, *by the odd trick*. What shall I lead off with? I laid awake all night considerin' of it, a-rollin' and a-tossin' over, like cramp in the stomach, not knowin' what to do: at last I got an idea. *Extension of suffrage*, says I, *is the card I'll play*. That will take the masses, and masses is power, for majorities rules. At that time, squire, we had the forty shilling freehold qualification, and it extended no farther; so I went for universal suffrage: for, thinks I, if I can carry that, I can go for governor first, on the strength of the new votes, and president afterwards; and it *did* seem plausible enough, too, that's a fact. To all appearance it was the best *card in the pack*. So out I jumps from bed, a-walkin' up and down the room in my shirt tail, a-workin' away at my speech like anything, and dreadful hard work it was, too; for it is easier to forge iron any time than a speech, especially if you ain't brought up to the business. I had to go over it and over it ever so often, for every now and then I'de stick fast, got bothered, and forget where I was, and have to begin agin; but when day was e'en about breakin', I was jist drawin' to a close, and had nearly scored and rough-hew'd it out, when all of a sudden I run agin the bed-post in the dark, and nearly knocked my brains out. Well, next night I worked at it agin, only I left the candle burnin', so as not to be a-stumblin' up agin things that way, and the third night I got it all finished off complete; but I got a shockin' cold in my head, a-walkin' about naked so, and felt as weak as a child for want of sleep. I was awful puzzled to fix on what to do on account of that plaguy cold. I didn't know whether to wait till it got better, or strike while the iron was hot and hiss'n, for I warn't sure some o' the speech wouldn't leak out, or the whole get flat, if I kept it in too long; so as soon as the house opened, I makes a plunge right into it; for what must be, must be, and it's no use a considerin'."

Sam of course broke down.

'Behind the Scenes' is another capital paper. When Sam was courtin' Sy Tupper, the

Whaler's daughter, he chanced to meet Major Bradford, who "pisoned" his mind "agin the gall" and then married her himself:—

"Come with me to the the-atre, (said the Major) and I'll show you a gall of the right sort, I know. Helen Bush comes on in tights to-night. She is a beautiful-made crittur that, clean limbed and as well made as if she was turned in a mould. She is worth lookin' at, that's a fact; and you don't often get such a chance as that are.—Dear, dear, said I, in tights! well if that don't beat all! I must say that don't seem kinder nateral now, does it, Major?—Nateral! said he, what the devil has natur' got to do with it? If she followed natur' she wouldn't wear nothin' at all. Custom has given women petticoats and men pantalons, but it would be jist as nateral for women to wear the breeches and the men the apronstring, and there is a plaguy sight of them do it too. Say it ain't modest and I won't non-concure you, but don't talk about natur', for natur' has no hand in it at all. It has neither art nor part in it, at no rate. * * Well, I never was to a theatre afore in all my life, for minister didn't approbate them at no rate, and he wouldn't never let me go to 'em to Slickville; so thinks I to myself, I don't care if I do go this once; it can't do me no great harm I do suppose, and a gall in tights is something new; so here goes, and I turns and walks lock-and-lock with him down to the play-house. Well, I must say it was a splendid sight, too. The house was chock full of company, all drest out to the very nines, and the lamps was as bright as day, and the musick was splendid, that's a fact, for it was the black band of the militia, (and them blacks have most elegant ears for musick too, I tell you), and when they struck up, our blood-stirrin' national air, it made me feel all over in a twitteration as if I was on wires a'most, considerable martial. But what gave me the gapes was the scenes. Lord, squire, when the curtain drew up, there was Genessee Falls as nateral as life, and the beautiful four-story grist-mills taken off as plain as anything, and Sam Patch jist ready to take a jump in the basin below. It was all but rael, it was so like life. The action too was equal to the scenes; it was dreadful pretty, I do assure you. Well, arter a while, Helen Bush came on in tights; but I can't say I liked it; it didn't seem kinder right for a gall to dress up in men's clothes that way, and I sorter thort that nothin' a'most would tempt me to let Sister Sall show shapes arter that fashion for money. But somehow or somehow-else, folks hurraed and clapped and cheered like anything. It was so excitin' I hurraed too, at last, as if I was as well pleased as any of them, for hollerin' is catchin', like barkin' among dogs, and you can't help it no how you can fix it. Well, arter legs lost their novelty, a whole lot o' dancin' galls came forward and danced *quod-drills*, gallop pards, hornpipes, and what not, the most beautiful critturs, I think, I ever laid my eyes on,—all young and bloomin', and graceful and light as spirits a'most. They seemed as if they e'en a'most belonged to another guess world from ourn, only the rosy cheeks and bare necks, and naked arms, and dear little ancles, all smacked of rael life. What do you think of them? said the Major;—Think? says I, why I never seed the equal of it. Where the plague did they pick up such a lot of elegant galls? they are horrid pretty, I must say: are they foreigners or natives?—Natives, said he, genuine Jonatheenas, all raised in Conneticut, and silver-skinned inions every soul of them.—Would you like to be introduced to them?—Well says I, I would, that's a fact, for its enough to set a feller crazy a'most, actilly ravin' distracted mad with pleasure, the sight of so many splendid little fillies, ain't it?—Well, come along with me then, said he, jist foller me, and I'll take you round there. So out we goes into the entry, and follers along into a dark passage, a pretty difficult navigation it was too, among trap-doors, and boxes, and broken steps, and what not; and arter a while we enters a great unfurnished barn of a room alongside of the stage, and there was the players, and dancers, and singers, and ever so many actin' people. Well, it was a wonderful sight too; p'raps in all my born days I never see anything to equal it. I never was so staggered. I don't think all my starin' put together, would come up to the great big endurin' stare I then gave. I was onfuklised, that's a fact.

I stood for the whole blessed space of five minutes without movin' or speakin'. At last one of the dancin' galls came a-tigerin' up to me a hornpipin' and a-singin', and dropt me a low curtshee.—Well, my old rooster, said she, the next time you see me, I hope you will know me; where did you larn manners, starin' so like all posset?—Well, I warn't much used to town-bred galls, and it took me all aback that, and struck me up all of a heap, so I couldn't stir or speak.—Oh fie, Julia, said another, how can you! and then comin' up and tappin' me on the shoulder with her fan, to wake me up like, said she,—Pray, my good feller, 'Does your mother know you're out?'—The whole room burst out a-larin' at me; but no, move or speak I couldn't, for I was spell-bound, I do believe. There I stood as stiff as a frozen nigger, and all I could say to myself was, 'Heavens and airth!' At last another gall, the best and lightest dancer of them all, and one that I rather took a leetle fancy to on the stage, she was so uncommon spry and active, took a flyin' lep right into the middle of the room, and lit down on one foot; and then, balancin' herself as she did on the stage with her hands, stretched the other foot away out ever so far behind her. Well, arter perchin' that way a minit or so, as a bird does on a sprig of a tree, she sprung agin, right forrard, and brought herself bolt upright on both feet jist afore me.—What will you give me, my young Coon, said she, if I show you the way?—What way, said I at last, a-scratchin' of my head and a-pluckin' up spunk enough to find my tongue.—The way out, said she, for you seem as if you sorter lost your road, when you came in here. I thought every one in the room would have gone into fits, they laried so; they fairly screeched till they most loosend their teeth, all but her, and she looked as quiet as a baby. Well done, Angelica, said the Major; what a wicked little devil you be! and he put his arm round her waist and kissed her; and then said he, waiter, half-a-dozen of iced champagne here to pay for Mr. Slick's footin'; and if he and them galls didn't tuck in the wine in great style its a pity, that's all. Well, a glass or two of liquor loosend the hinges of my tongue, and sot me all right agin, and I jined in the joke and enjoyed the larf as well as the best of them; for it won't do to get cross when fellers are running of their rigs, it only makes them wus. Arter a while we left the theatre to go home, and as we progressed down street, says the Major to me, well, Slick, says he, how did you like them little angel, the dancin' galls? you seem as if you was jist born into the world, and look rather struck with them. I thought, pitikilarly Angelica; a neat little article that, ain't she? There's no nonsense about her; she is as straight as a shingle in her talk, right up and down, and no pretence. I guess she has put 'Sy Tupper's spermaceti' quite out, hante she?—It puts all creation out, said I; I never was so stump afore since I was raised from a seedlin'. Heavens and airth! only to think them nasty, tawdry, faded, yaller, jaded, painted drabs was the beautiful dancin' galls of the theatre? and them old, forrard, impudent heifers was the modest, graceful, elegant little cherubs that was on the stage an hour afore; and then to think them nasty daubs was like Genessee Falls, Lord, I could paint them pictur' scenes better myself, with a nigger wench's house-mop, I could, I snore.—Exactly, says the Major; you have been 'behind the scenes' you see, Sam, and you have got a lesson not to trust to appearances altogether."

Sam now favours us with his recollections of England and his introduction to "a great unknown," who requested his opinion on colonial matters:—

"Arter a while the coach stopped, and afore I could look round I was in the hall, surrounded by officers of the Life Guards, drest in most beautiful toggery, at least so I took them to be, for their uniform was splendid; I never see anything to equal it except the President's on reviewin' the troops on the 4th July day. It made me wish I had brought my militia dress, for I didn't like one of our citizens to be out-done that way, or not to do credit to our great nation when abroad. Excuse me a moment, said my guide friend, till I announce you; and presently out comes another man dressed in plain clothes, and they stood there a space a-eyin' of me and a-whisperin'.

together.—He won't do, said the new-comer: look at his boots.—It can't be helped, said the other, he must see him, he sent for him himself.—Who the devil is he? said the stranger. * * Well, says I to myself, this is rather pretty too, ain't it? I guess you think flashin' in the pan scares ducks, don't you? With that, guide said to one of the sodger officers that was a-standin' in the hall a-doin' of nothin', Show him up. So one of them, a very tall handsome man with his head all covered with powder, like a rat in a flour barrel, come up and said, your name, if you please, sir?—Well, says I, I don't know as it matters much about names, what's yours?—Thomas, sir, said he, a-bowin' and a-smilin' very perlitte.—Well then, said I, friend Thomas, mine is Mr. Slick, to the backbone.—I no sooner said the word than he bawled out Mr. Slick in my ear, as loud as he could roar, till he made me start again, and then every officer on the stairs, and there was several of them, kept repeatin' after each other 'Mr. Slick,' 'Mr. Slick,' 'Mr. Slick.'—Don't be in such an everlastin' almighty hurry, said I, I am a-comin' as fast as I can, and if you do that are agin I won't come at all, so there now; for I began to get my Ebenezer up, and feel rather wolfish. When I came to the foot of the stairs the officer stood back and made room for me; and, says I, after you, sir; but he hung back quite modest (seem' that an American citizen ranks with the first man livin')—so not to be outdone in manners by a mere Britisher, I took him by the arm and pushed him on.—I can't think of goin' afore you, sir, said I, but don't let's lose time in ceremony; and besides you know the navigation better than I do, for I never was here afore; and then he went on first. * * The officer that opened the door roared out again, 'Mr. Slick!' as loud as he could, and I raily felt so dander, I do believe I should have knocked him down, if he hadn't a-stept back out of reach; but member came forrard very perlitte, and shook me by the hand, and said it was very kind of me to come at such short notice, and that he was very happy to have the pleasure to see me. Then he jist gave a wave of his hand and pointed to the door, as a hunter does to his dogs, without speakin', and the people writin' got up and went out backward, keepin' their faces to him and bowin'. Arter they were gone he said, take a chair, sir, if you please: so I took one for myself and lifted one for him, sayin', it was as cheap to sit as to stand, and every bit and grain as easy too; but he said he preferred standin', and kinder sorder looked at me, as much as to say, he was too good or too proud for that; so there he stood, his elbow on the mantel-piece and his head restin' on his hand. Well, my bristles began to stand right up, like a dog's back: I didn't like the talk of the guide, friend he sent for me; I didn't like the way the officers kept bawlin' out my name and snickered in the entry, and I didn't relish the way I was set down on a chair alone, like a man to be shaved in a barber's shop. I felt as if I could chew him right up, I was so mad, and I was determined to act as ugly as him, for my coming was his seekin' and not my own; and, as there was nothin' to be made out of it, and no trade spoiled, I didn't see as I had any occasion to put up with his nonsense, do you? for there is nothin' I hate so much as pride, especially when any of them benighted insolent foreigners undertake to show it to a free and enlightened American. So I jist put my feet on his fender, free and easy, to show him he couldn't darnt me by his airs and graces, and then spit right atween the polished bars of the grate on the red hot coals till it cracked like a pistol. Well, he jumped a yard or so, as if he was shot, and if you had seen the tanyard look he gin me, it would have made you split a-larfin. Don't be frightened, Lord, said I, for I didn't know which house he belonged to, so I thought I'd give the title, as we call every stranger citizen Kurnel.—Lord, said I, I won't hit you; I could spit thro' a keyhole and not wet the wards; but as you stand, I believe I will too, for talk atween two don't come kinder nateral, unless both sit or both stand; and now, says I, as time presses, what may your business be with me, Lord? Well, he stood back two or three feet, as if he was afeard I would touch him, and then he entered into a long parlayer.

'Snubbing a Snob' and 'The Black Brother' have their point—'Patriotism' is purposeless and

offensive—but 'Too Knowing by Half' is excellent, every line of it:—

"There, said he, there is a pictur' for you, squire. Now that's what minister would call love in a cottage, or rural felicity, for he was fond of fine names was the old man.—A neat and pretty little cottage stood before us as we emerged from a wood, having an air of comfort about it not often found in the forest, where the necessities of life demand and engross all the attention of the settler. Look at that crittur, said he, Bill Dill Mill. There he sets on the gate, with his go-to-meetin' clothes on, a-doing of nothin', with a pocket full of potatoes, cuttin' them up into small pieces with his jackknife and teachin' a pig to jump up and catch 'em in his mouth. It's the schoolmaster to home, that. And there sets his young wife a-balancin' of herself on the top rail of the fence opposite, and a-swingin' her foot backward and forrard, and a-watchin' of him. Ain't she a heavenly splice that? By Jacob's spotted cattle what an ancle she has! Jist look! a rael corn-fed heifer that, ain't she? She is so plump she'd shed rain like a duck. Them Bluenoses do beat all in galls, I must say, for they raise some desperate handsome ones. But then there is nothin' in that crittur. She is nothin' but wax-work—no life there: and he looks tired of his bargain already,—what you called fairly on-swaggled. Now don't speak loud, for if she sees us she'll cut and run, like a weasel. She has got her hair all covered over with paper curls and stuck thro' with pins, like a porcupine's back. She's for a tea-squall to-night, and nothin' vexes women like bein' taken of a nonplush this way by strangers. That's matrimony, squire, and nothin' to do; a honeymoon in the woods, or young love grow'd ten days old. Oh, dear! if it was me, I should yawn so afore a week, I should be skeered lest my wife should jump down my throat. To be left alone that way idle, with a wife that has nothin' to do and nothin' to say, if she was as pretty as an angel, would drive me melancholy mad. I should either get up a quarrel for vanity sake, or go hang myself to get out of the scrape. A tame, vacant, dull-faced, idle gall! O Lord! what a fate for a man who knows what's what, and is up to snuff! Who the plague could live on sugar-candy? I am sure I couldn't. Nothin' does for me like honey; arter a while I get to hate it like sin; the very sight of it is enough for me. Vinegar ain't half so bad; for that stimulates, and you can't take more nor enough of it if you would."

It appears, according to Bill Dill Mill's own report, that he is ruined by being "too knowing by half;" people won't buy or sell with him, they have so high an opinion of his cuteness:—

"Well, 'tis awkward, says I, to be thought *too knowin' by half*, too; did any one ever accuse you of bein' *too industrious by half*?—What do you mean by that? said he, a little grumpy like.—Nothin', says I, but what I say. Get a spinnin'-wheel for your wife, and a plough for yourself; work more, and trade less; live by your labour, and not by your wits; and the day, instead of being so 'tarnal long, won't be long enough by a jug-full. Instead of bein' *'too knowin' by half*', you don't *'know half enough*', or you'd know that."

Sam however admits that such a prejudice may exist, and has himself suggested a remedy:

"If ever you want to read a man, do simple, and he thinks he has a soft horn to deal with; and, while he s'poses he is a playin' you off, you are puttin' the leak into him without his seein' it. Now, if you put on the knowin' it puts him on his guard directly, and he fights as shy as a coon. Talkin' cute, looks knavish; but talkin' soft, looks sappy. Nothin' will make a feller bark up a wrong tree like that."

But his own practice is perhaps even more to the point. His tricks in the clock trade, as recorded by the Squire, did, it appears, create a like prejudice against him; people looked, and his first civil word was sure to bring for answer—

"Ah! now, that's your 'Soft Sawder'; that won't do.—Won't it tho', says I. I'll give you the same ingredients in a new shape, and you will swallow it without knowin' it, or else I am mistakend, that's all. So now, when I enter a location, arter a little talk about this, that, or the other, I looks at one of the young grow'd up galls arnest like, till she says, Mr. Slick, what on airth are you a-lookin' at?—Nothin',

says I, my dear, but a most remarkable development.—A what? says she.—A remarkable development, says I.—Why, what in natur' is that? says she.—Excuse me, Miss, says I, and I gets up, and puts my finger on her crown. What benevolence! says I, and firmness of character! did you ever!—and then, says I, a-passin' my finger over the eyebrow, you ought to sing well, positively; it's your own fault if you don't, for you have uncommon pitikilar powers that way. Your time is large, and tune great; yes, and composition is strong.—Well, how strange! says she; you have guessed right, I swear, for I do sing, and am allowed to have the best ear for musick in all these clearin's. How on airth can you tell?—Tell! says I, why it's what they call phrenology, and a most beautiful study it is. I can read a head as plain as a book; and this I will say, a finer head than yours I never *did* see, positively. What a splendid forehead you have! it's a sight to behold. If you was to take pains you could do anything a'most. Would you like to have it read, Miss? Well, arter hearin' me pronounce aforehand at that rate, she is sure to want it read, and then I say I won't read it aloud, Miss; I'll whisper it in your ear, and you shall say if I am right.—Do, says she; I should like to see what mistakes you'll make, for I can't believe it possible you can tell; it don't convene to reason, does it?—So I slides out my knee for a seat, and says, it's no harm, Miss, you know, for Ma is here, and I must look near to tell you; so I draws her on my knee, without waiting for an answer. Then gradually one arm goes round the waist, and t'other hand goes to the head bumpologizin' and I whispers—wit, paintin', judgment, fancy, order, musick, and every good thing a'most. And she keeps a-sayin'—Well, he's a witch! well, how strange! Well, I want to know!—now I never! do tell!—as pleased all the time as anything. Lord! squire, you never see anything like it; it's Jerusalem fine fun. Well, then I wind up by touchin' the back of her head hard, (you know, squire, what they call the *amative* bumps are located there,) and then whisper a bit of a joke to her about her makin' a very lovin' wife, and so on, and she jumps up a colourin' and a-sayin'—It's no such a thing. You missed that guess, anyhow. Take that for not guessin' better!—and pretendin' to slap me, and all that; but actily ready to jump over the moon for delight. Don't my clocks get just admired and then boughten arter this readin' of heads, that's all? Yes; that's the beauty of phrenology. You can put a clock into their heads when you are a-puttin' other fine things in, too, as easy as kiss my hand. I have sold a nation lot of them by it."

That is the beauty of phrenology! We shall next week report Sam's opinion on other interesting matters: in the meantime we recommend all who love a laugh, and care not why, to get the book itself.

A History of the Fossil Fruits and Seeds of the London Clay. By James Scott Bowerbank, F.G.S. Part I. Van Voorst.

A great change has occurred in the manner of considering the nature of organic remains since the days of the ingenious Dr. Plot, who could find no better way of accounting for the appearance of fishes, shells, plants, and seeds in the centre of rocks than by supposing them to have been formed there by "plastic force;" an unintelligible property of matter derived from the Epicurean philosophers, who fancied that it enabled the earth to bring forth animals and plants without the intervention of a Creator. If such folly as this, in its naked form, was soon disposed of by Cudworth and Ray, it was not immediately replaced by sounder views, although they were less absurd. Ray, himself, while he denounced the doctrine of Plot, as only one step removed from denying the necessity of an intelligent Creator, and insisted that all fossil remains belong to species that formerly existed, was, nevertheless, unable to account for the presence of fossil fishes in the midst of solid rocks, except by supposing that such creatures, when very young, insinuated themselves between

crevices, and arrived at their final station by subterranean ways. Llwyl supposed such productions to be caused by the sperm of living things, carried into the air by vapours, and then deposited in fitting places, when the results, or the matter to be engendered was determined by the nature and abundance of the sperm itself; if perfect, it brought forth whole animals and plants, but if imperfect, it yielded nothing more than the teeth of fishes, leaves, and seeds of plants, or single valves of shells, or the jaws and bones of animals. From which most satisfactory premises he sagely concluded, that the sperm producing plants was in all cases imperfect, because in a fossil state the remains of plants consist of such imperfect things as ferns, mosses, and the like. These ingenious speculations are to be found in a work called the 'Lithophylacium Britannicum,' printed in 1698, and they seem to have been regarded with some favour during several years, for in 1723, we find the Swiss botanist Scheuchzer formally undertaking their refutation. From that day the science of fossil botany may be said to date; for Scheuchzer, who was chiefly acquainted with tertiary formations, had no difficulty in showing an apparent identity between the plants of the tertiary rocks and others still in existence. He thus decided the true nature of fossil plants, and showed them to be fragments of living vegetation, buried at some anterior period in various mineral matrices.

But, although with Scheuchzer the study of fossil botany may be said to have arisen as a branch of science, it was nearly a century before the artists employed upon preparing drawings of fossil plants for publication were taught to apply to them the necessary degree of rigorous exactness, without which pictorial representations of such objects are mere stains upon paper. Within the last twenty years the method of examining them has been improved by the example of Sternberg, Adolphe Brongniart, Lindley, Hutton, Witham, and others, and the result has been the establishment of a tolerably rigorous nomenclature, and a much more exact knowledge of the real nature of such remains.

Up to the appearance of Mr. Bowerbank's work, however, fossil fruits had met with comparatively little attention; a few species were noticed by Brongniart, and others were introduced into the Fossil Flora and similar publications; but as the attention of writers upon protophytology was principally occupied by the plants of the coal measures, and of the rocks below the chalk, in which fruits and seeds are comparatively of rare occurrence, little progress had been made in their elucidation. It is in the Isle of Sheppey, belonging to the London clay formation, that the greatest variety and number of these productions have been found collected; and to arrange and identify these has been for many years an especial object of the author of the work now before us, which, by aid of the pencil of Mr. James Sowerby, has been rendered a most valuable repository of organic evidence concerning the geological date of the London clay. The author states, that for many years he has made these interesting remains his peculiar study; and during this period there have passed through his hands more than 120,000 fruits and seeds, from which he has selected about 25,000 specimens. "In these beautiful remains of an extinct Flora the minute and delicately formed vegetable tissues are preserved in the most perfect manner."

This first part contains seventeen plates, many of which represent from forty to fifty figures, drawn and etched with the most scrupulous care; and when it is considered that the fossils themselves are so liable to decomposition upon exposure to the air, that it is almost impossible to preserve them for any considerable time in a

cabinet, the value of such representations is much enhanced. Each plate is accompanied by letter-press explanatory of the author's ideas concerning the analogy of the fruits with recent species; and in many cases his comparisons appear just, and not to be questioned. But in other instances he is, we think, less happy. For example, his genus *Cupanoides*, so named in consequence of a supposed identity with the recent *Cupania* of the Sapindaceæ order, might with equal reason be referred to the *Euphorbiaceæ* order, in part at least; and here also the author's genus *Tricarpellites* must, we fear, equally be merged. The genus *Cucumites*, which the author regards as unquestionably related to recent plants of the Gourd tribe, is, we think, of very doubtful affinity. *Cucurbitaceous* plants have an inferior ovary, and always possess at their apex distinct traces of a calyx, nothing of which appears to exist in the Sheppey fossils; yet this mark is indispensable, and ought to have been conspicuous in specimens so well preserved as these are. We must also complain of the alteration of Brongniart's name *Pandanocarpum* into *Nipadites*, an innovation called for by no necessity; and of the loose manner in which common botanical terms are sometimes employed, as in the case of the same *Nipadites*, where the word embryo is used to express sometimes a carpel, sometimes a seed, and never what is properly an embryo.

These, however, are trifling blemishes, and in no way diminish the value of Mr. Bowerbank's book to geologists, to whom we heartily recommend it. That the seeds and fruits found in Sheppey belong to the highest orders of plants is certain; that in the majority of cases they are the produce of a vegetation now only known in tropical or at least much warmer countries, is equally ascertained, for there can be no doubt about the palms, the *euphorbiaceæ*, the passion-flowers, and the *Arachis*-like fruit of this formation; how they reached Sheppey, if drifted, or under what circumstances they grew near the present locality, if that is believed, is a question of very difficult solution, especially when we consider that some of the remains appear to be identical with plants now existing in Europe. Upon those points we have no doubt that Mr. Bowerbank will throw much light as he proceeds with his inquiry.

THE ANNUALS FOR 1841.

THESE, the natural flowers of the season, peep forth this year with a solitary, wintry, cheerless look, as if they wanted the genial warmth of sunshine and public favour. How this may be, we know not. We have little to say in the way of encouragement—nothing in censure—they are all so like their predecessors, that it passes our critical skill to distinguish between them. The editor of the *Friendship's Offering*, indeed, tells us in his preface that more than ordinary care has been bestowed on the embellishments; perhaps so, but there is nothing in the results that deserves especial mention. The contributors, too, are generally the same:—Mrs. E. Norton, J. R. of C. C. Oxford, Mrs. Lambert, Ety the R.A., Allan Cunningham, T. Miller, J. A. St. John, Dr. Taylor, Miss A. Strickland, T. K. Hervey, the Author of 'The Provost of Bruges,' the Editor, Mr. W. H. Harrison, and many others. The poetical contributions, as usual, are superior to their class; none, however, gave us more pleasure than—

The Happy Valley.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

It was a valley filled with sweetest sounds,
A languid music haunted everywhere,—
Like those with which a summer-eve abounds,
From rustling corn, and song-birds calling clear,
Down sloping-uplands, which some wood surrounds,
With tinkling rills just heard, but not too near;
Or lowing cattle on the distant plain,
And swing of far-off bells, now caught, then lost again.
It seemed like Eden's angel-peopled vale,
So bright the sky, so soft the streams did flow;
Such tones came riding on the musk-winged gale,
The very air seemed sleepily to blow,

And choicest flowers enamelled every dale,
Flushed with the richest sunlight's rosy glow:
It was a valley drowsy with delight,
Such fragrance floated round, such beauty dimmed the sight.

The golden-bellied bees hummed in the air,
The tall silk grasses bent and waved along;
The trees slept in the steeping sunbeams' glare,
The dreamy river chimed its undersong,
And took its own free course without a care:
Amid the boughs did lute-tongued songsters throng,
Until the valley throbb'd beneath their lays,
And echo echo chased, through many a leafy maze.

And shapes were there, like spirits of the flowers,
Sent down to see the Summer-beauties dress,
And feed their fragrant mouths with silver showers;
Their eyes peeped out from many a green recess,
And their fair forms made light the thick-set bowers;
The very flowers seemed eager to caress
Such living sisters, and the boughs long-pearled,
Clustered to catch the sighs their pearl-flushed bosoms heaved.

One through her long loose hair was backward peeping,
Or throwing, with raised arm, the locks aside;
Another high a pile of flowers was heaping,
Or looking love askance, and when descried,
Her coy glance on the bedded-greenward keeping;
She pulled the flowers to pieces, as she sighed,—
Then blushed like timid day-break when the dawn
Looks crimson on the night, and then again's withdrawn.

One, with her warm and milk-white arms outspread,
Her slip-toe tripped along a sun-lit glade;
Half turned the matchless sculpture of her head,
And half shook down her silken circling braid;
Her back-blown scarf an arched rainbow made,
She seemed to float on air, so light she sped;
Skimming the wavy flowers, as she passed by,
With fair and printless feet, like clouds along the sky.

One sat alone within a shady nook,
With wild-wood songs the lazy hours beguiling;
Or looking at her shadow in the brook,
Trying to frown, then at the effort smiling—
Her laughing eyes mocked every serious look;
'Twas as if Love stood at himself reviling:
She threw in flowers, and watched them float away,
Then at her beauty looked, then sang a sweeter lay.

Others on beds of roses lay reclined,
The regal flowers athwart their full lips thrown,
And in one fragrance both their sweets combined,
As if they on the self-same stem had grown,
So close were rose and lip together twined—
A double flower that from one bud had blown,
Till none could tell, so closely were they blended,
Where swelled the curving-lip, or where the rose-bloom ended.

One, half-asleep, crushing the twined flowers,
Upon a velvet slope like Dian lay;
Still as a lark that mid the daisies covers:
Her looped-up tunic tossed in disarray,
Showed rounded limbs, too fair for earthly bowers;
They looked like roses on a cloudy day;
The warm white dulled amid the colder green;
The flowers too rough a couch that lovely shape to screen.

Some lay like *Thetis'* nymphs along the shore,
With ocean-pearl combing their golden locks,
And singing to the waves for evermore;
Sinking like flowers at eve beside the rocks,
If but a sound above the muffled roar.
Of the low waves was heard. In little flocks,
Others went trooping through the wooded alleys,
Their kirtles glancing white, like streams in sunny valleys.

They were such forms, as loomed in the night,
Sail in our dreams across the heaven's steep blue;
When the closed lid sees visions streaming bright,
Too beautiful to meet the naked view;
Like faces formed in clouds of silver light.
Women they were! such as the angels knew—
Such as the Mammoth looked on, ere he fled,
Scared by the lovers' wings, that stream in sunset red.

One or two subjects among the illustrations in *The Forget-Me-Not*, are better selected than usual—of a higher character: *au reste*, it is as of old. We have among the contributors Lady Blessington, Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Lawrence, Miss Browne, Miss Par-doe, Mr. Blanchard, Mr. G. P. R. James, Miss Strickland, and others less known. The paper most likely to interest our readers "at this peculiar season" as Miss Strickland calls it, is an account, by that lady of the circumstances under which some of the royal children of England have been presented at the baptismal font.

"Edward I., the conqueror of Wales and Scotland, was the first prince who was baptized in Westminster Abbey, after it was rebuilt by his father, Henry III., who, in honour of the illustrious founder of that noble pile, bestowed the national and popular name of Edward on his heir, a name above all others endeared to the people by the remembrance of the mild virtues and paternal laws of Edward the Confessor.—The christening of Edward II. was solemnized after a ruder fashion, amidst the rocky fastnesses of the conquered but unsubmitting mountains of Wales, surrounded by the steel-clad followers of his royal sire and the wild chieftains of the land, who

had unwittingly consented to receive for their prince a native of their own country, who should not be able to speak a word of English or French. They reluctantly imprinted the kiss of homage on the soft cheek of the infant Plantagenet, to whom the faithful Eleanor, the consort of the victorious Edward, had just given birth in the Eagle Tower of Caernarvon Castle.—In a still more auspicious hour for England were celebrated the baptismal rites of his eldest son, the renowned Edward III., who came like a dove of peace to heal the deadly quarrel between the insurgent barons of England and their angry sovereign, and to prove, for a blessed interval, the sweet bond of union between his estranged parents. This prince was born at Windsor on the 13th of November, and four days afterwards was baptized with great splendour in the old chapel of St. Edward. The uncle of Queen Isabella and the rest of the French nobles who were at the court of his royal parents, were urgent with the king to allow his heir to be called Louis, but the English nobles, always averse to a foreign name, insisted that the princely boy should be baptized by none other than that of Edward. The ceremony was performed by the Cardinal Arnold, and the infant prince had no less than seven godfathers, but there is not the name of one godmother recorded.—A fourth royal heir of England of the same popular name, Edward the Black Prince, who afterwards even transcended his mighty father's fame, was born and christened in the sylvan bowers of Woodstock, where Edward III. and his youthful consort, Philippa, then resided in almost domestic retirement. No extraordinary splendour marked the baptismal rites of this illustrious prince, but it is recorded that his infant beauty and strength astonished every one who saw him, and that he was entrusted to no meaner nurse than his royal mother, the queen of England, who nourished him at her own bosom. Richard II., the unworthy son of Edward the Black Prince, was born and christened in a foreign land. Auguries of evil omen, touching his future destiny, were promulgated in the antechambers of his victorious grandsire, Edward III., and among the ladies of honour to the Princess of Wales, his mother, even at that early period of his existence. In fact there was a national disappointment in consequence of the death of his elder brother, a prince of fair promise, who bore the more popular name of Edward, being the fifth royal heir of England so called from that great monarch in whose person an appellation so dear to national remembrance had been in happy hour revived.—Henry VI. was christened at Windsor with peculiar splendour, while his victorious sire, Henry V., was engaged in prosecuting the siege of Meaux. His godfathers were his renowned uncle John, Duke of Bedford, and Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester. He was presented at the baptismal font by Jacqueline, Countess of Hainault, who was familiarly designated by Henry V. as Dame Jake. The English court was at that period much interested in the courtship between Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, the handsome young bachelor-uncle of the royal neophyte, and the fair Flemish countess, who became almost as much the sport of Fortune as her royal godson.—The birth and christening of the only son of Henry VI. took place at a period when his royal sire was suffering under a severe malady of the brain, attended with total aberration of reason. The infant prince was born on St. Edward's day, and baptized by that name with great pomp in Westminster Abbey. The ceremony was performed by the pious Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester, his father's most beloved friend and counsellor. The Duke of Somerset, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Duchess of Buckingham, were the sponsors. The font was arrayed in russet cloth of gold and surrounded by a blaze of tapers. The crysoms, or christening mantle, in which the royal babe was received after his immersion, cost 554*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*; and we learn from the issue rolls that it was very rich with embroidery of pearls and precious stones. Within this stately mantle was a fine white linen wrapper, to prevent the brocade and gems from coming in contact with the delicate skin of the new-born prince. Ten duchesses, eight countesses, one viscountess, and sixteen baronesses, received writs of summons to be present at the churching festival of the queen, his mother. The christening of another royal Edward, the rival heir of England, was solemnized under circumstances of a more ro-

mantic character. This fair boy first saw the light in the Jerusalem chamber in Westminster Abbey, which Thomas Milling, the friendly Abbot of Westminster, had compassionately resigned for the accommodation of the afflicted queen of Edward IV., when, in her terror and sore distress, she, with her three little daughters, her mother, and the Lady Scrope, fled from the Tower by water on the approach of the victorious Lancastrians, and, landing at Westminster, entered her name as a sanctuary woman, and there awaited the expected hour when she was destined to bring into the world the first-born son of her fugitive king and husband. No cloth of gold arrayed the ancient gothic font of hewn stone, round which the little band of fond and faithful friends was gathered, by whom the infant prince was brought to his christening; for the rite was performed with no greater pomp than if he had been the son of a private individual. His godmothers were the old Duchess of Bedford, his grandmother, and the Lady Scrope, his mother's faithful attendant. The kind abbot charitably performed the office of godfather to the new-born heir of England, no other man being at hand who would venture to render the desolate child of sanctuary that service. The next royal christening of national interest was that of Arthur Prince of Wales, in whose person the claims of the rival roses of York and Lancaster blended in the first year of the union between Henry of Richmond and Elizabeth of York. This welcome and auspicious pledge of peace and joy to the long bleeding land, was baptized in the cathedral of Winchester with extraordinary parade. Elizabeth Woodville, who, assisted by two of her daughters, the princesses Cicely and Anne, stood godmother to her infant descendant, must have recalled with an agonizing thrill of remembrance the scene to which we have just referred, when her own fair boy, Edward V., was borne with mingled tears of grief and joy to the unadorned font within the lonely abbey, where he was preserved from the perils that over-shadowed his cradle, to fulfil a darker destiny at a period when all a mother's fondest hopes were twined around her 'gallant, springing, young Plantagenet.' Henry VII. caused the font of Canterbury Cathedral to be removed, at a considerable expense, for the baptism of his other children. The christening of Queen Elizabeth was the most splendid and elaborate in its details that was ever accorded to a princess of England. * * But of every ceremonial of the kind on record, the most striking scene, perhaps, was acted at the midnight christening of Edward VI., in the chapel of Hampton Court, when the future defender of the reformed religion was presented at the baptismal font by his sister and catholic successor, the Princess Mary, whom his birth had just deprived of the immediate heritage of a throne. There, too, unconscious of the awful storm that had clouded her morn of life and reversed her own high prospects, since the day when she had been proclaimed Princess of Wales and heirress of the realm, came the young motherless Elizabeth, who had been raised from the sweet slumbers of infant innocence and arrayed in robes of state, to perform the part that had been assigned to her in the pageant. In this procession, Elizabeth, borne in the arms of the aspiring Seymour, the brother of the queen, with playful smiles carried the crysoms for the son of her for whose sake her mother's blood had been shed on the scaffold, and herself branded with the reproach of illegitimacy. And there the Earl of Wiltshire, the father of the murdered Anna Boleyn, made himself an object of contempt to every eye by assisting at this rite, at which he bore the taper of virgin wax, with a towel about his neck. The godfathers associated with the Princess Mary on this occasion, were Crammer, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Duke of Norfolk, the first of whom it is well known she afterwards consigned to the stake. * * The first royal heir of England who was christened in this realm in the Protestant faith, according to the forms prescribed in the beautiful baptismal service of the liturgy of our church, was Charles II., who was baptized in the chapel royal at St. James's place. The scene represented in the accompanying plate is the hurried and mournful christening of the youngest daughter of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, who was born at Exeter, June 16th, 1644, during the rage of the civil war. Two months before their infant saw the light, Henrietta and Charles parted in tears and

anguish of heart at Abingdon, and never met again. Henrietta sought refuge at Exeter, but the near approach of the Parliamentary army, breathing threats against her life, compelled the terrified queen to abandon her lying-in chamber at the end of a fortnight, to seek a refuge in Holland, leaving her newborn infant in the charge of her young and beautiful governess, Lady Dalkeith. Under the care of this high-minded and courageous lady, the little tender flower, unconscious of the gloomy storms that had heralded her entrance into an evil life, or the perils by which her cradle was surrounded, remained safe amidst the thunders of the siege of Exeter, till the arrival of her royal sire, by whom the city was relieved in person, July 26th, 1644. On that day Charles I. gave his infant daughter a first and last embrace, and commanded his chaplain to baptize her by her mother's name, to which that of Anne was added, in compliment to her august aunt, the queen of France. The beautiful and faithful protectress of the infant princess, as the proxy of her royal godmother, Anne of Austria, presented her at the baptismal font, attended only by two or three of the ladies devoted to the cause of her illustrious parents; and thus, in the absence of all ceremonials of state, without the presence of peer or prelate, was the holy rite solemnized by which the Princess Henrietta Maria Anne of England was received into the church of Christ, with scarcely more external forms than were practised at the secret and perilous baptisms of the children of saints and martyrs among the primitive Christians. * * The last royal christening of great importance in the annals of this country, was that of her present gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, at Kensington Palace."

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FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Nuremberg, October 31.

In sitting down to write to you from this proud old city, I shall not affect to feel my mind so "wrinkled up"—as Mrs. Jameson graphically phrases it—by its spells, as to take no part in modern times and interests; still, with the chimes of Saint Sebaldus in my ear solemnly to toll me back to the days of Durer, and Vischer, and Kraft, and other worthies who have made a Mecca of this place, to all such as believe and rejoice in Middle Age Art, and with a perspective beneath my window of burgher palaces, rich and fanciful enough in their undecayed splendour to feed the pencils of our Prouts and Stac-fields for months, it is difficult, thus surrounded, to string together the fragments of *de omnibus rebus* which have come to me, uncalled for, during the recent days of my ramble. Yet, as this is my last halting-place, I must make the attempt, and your own par-

ticular *Nuremberg chronicle* and *Nuremberg correspondent* begin in North Germany.

I start, indeed, as far hence as Leipzig,—first, for the sake of a word or two touching the lighter branches of the book trade, in that famous literary mart. While, as far as concerns home supply, these languish, owing to the want of a young and hearty vitality in the writers of to-day,—even Heine, I am told, being considered as already exhausted, and no new candidate of mark or likelihood “arising.”—speculation still finds a large field for activity in translation and reprint. Burns, just now, is the fashion everywhere, there being two, if not three, German versions of his “wood-notes wild.” I should have thought that ‘The Daisy,’ and the address to ‘Auld Nickie ben,’ would have baffled even a Schlegel’s or a Tieck’s skill in *oversetting* (the national word for the process). Among the newer writers ‘Boz’ stands foremost, by the side of Bulwer. But, in speaking of the latter, I cannot forget that a little light is thrown upon the discrimination of this universal homage, by the whimsical fact, that ‘Cheveley’ has been translated and republished as a *supplement to his works* by the good German booksellers! Have you heard, by the way, that when Bulwer passed up the Rhine some two months ago, flags were hoisted and cannon fired in his honour? James, as a novelist, is in favour only second to these; and among the ladies—Lady Blessington, Lady Morgan, and Mrs. Trollope. It made me smile, everywhere to find ‘Woman and her Master’ and ‘Widow Barnaby’ keeping perpetual and loving company! In the cheap guide-book form—Hood’s ‘Up the Rhine,’ and Mrs. Jameson’s ‘Visits and Sketches,’ are no less plentifully proffered, but in guise of print and paper coarse enough to disgust a bibliomaniac!

English engravings, and French too, are as popular as English books; Robert, and De la Roche, and even Dubufe and Deveria, being even *here*—in Nuremberg—more prominently thrust forward than Cornelius, or Bendemann, or Sohn, those diligent and reverential regenerators of olden Art! But the Anglomania, I have indicated, exists “with a difference.” In music, the German publishers risk everything but the reprinting of ours; and can one wonder that the songs and ballads of — and — are not found worthy to bear the romances of Schubert and his brethren company? or that the voluminous collections of psalmody (these being almost our only other indigenous productions) should hardly be wanted, in a land where the choir-books of Bach and the other grand old Lutheran writers are still in use? Our glees would not suit the *Liedertafeln* societies, which are exclusively male; the masculine *counter-tenor*, moreover, being a marvel in no favour with German apprehensions. These things excepted, the amount and the luxury of the musical publications in Leipzig is astounding; a sign among many others, proving the assertion made in my last, that the art is neither dead nor dying. Full orchestral pieces, by authors of whose names we are ignorant, and quartets, oratorios, operatic scores, are brought out in such profusion, and with such typographical care and beauty, as *must* imply a market. Indeed, I may venture to assert, that for purposes of modern reference, the establishments of Herr Kistner, or Herrn Breitkopf and Härtel, would either, singly, furnish a more extensive and satisfactory store to the student, than the summed stocks of all the London publishers “from low St. James’s up to high St. Paul’s.”

So much for the statistics of the art. I will not here again dwell on the surpassing orchestral excellence of the concerts; this only I know, that any one, attending the entire series of twenty, would run a better chance of becoming acquainted with the *then* and *now* of German music, than if he spent double the time in chasing it from metropolis to metropolis, where cabal, and favouritism, and court taste limit the sphere of selection, and cripple the good intentions of the executants. The four overtures to ‘Leonora,’ for instance, (two absolutely unknown in England), where else could he hear them, as at Leipzig, performed on one and the same evening? My share of this winter’s selection was very interesting. In the first concert they performed the very symphony of Beethoven’s, in a flat, which I heard at the *Conservatoire*,—and played it, as I had thought, even in Paris with the diamond-brilliant French

violins in my ears, in infinitely finer style under the direction of Mendelssohn than of M. Habeneck. The overture to ‘Euryanthe,’ too, was executed with spirit enough to raise the dead:—nor must I forget Herr Queisser’s trombone solo; which, though intrinsically, from the ponderosity of the instrument, as much at variance with my ideas of solo performance, as a dance by a hippopotamus would be from my notion of ballet suitabilities, was one of the finest performances I ever heard,—sound, spirited, brilliant to a degree absolutely unknown to us in London.—*Dragonetti*’s work, in short, upon an instrument harsher and more intractable than *Dragonetti*’s. The second concert afforded me a cantata, with overture, chorusses, and songs, by Marschner, written expressly for the Hanover concerts: a kind of composition eminently needed; for who is not now weary of the old opera songs, terzets, &c. which he has heard a thousand times on the stage, with costume, action, and a story to link them together?—and of new opera compositions, calculated to become stock-pieces, where is the sign? But apart from the interest of its form, the ‘Klänge aus Osten’ of Marschner was in the more trivial and less masculine manner of that unequal composer, who is too much shelved in his own country. Besides this, were given a symphony of Mozart’s, and Spohr’s overture to ‘Der Berggeist.’ The third concert’s programme was to comprise a selection from Gluck’s ‘Iphigenia in Tauris,’ a new overture by Rietz, and the symphony by Franz Schubert, which our Philharmonic Directors *will not* hear; though for beauty of construction, originality, and popular melody, they have produced few novelties to compare with it since I have known the Society.—none in the last four years, the Strauss version of the ‘Eroica’ and Spohr’s ‘Historical Travestie’ being taken into the account! I enumerate these to justify my high praise of those concerts for research;—I will not tell you of Herr David’s new violin concerto, which he played at the second concert, because we shall hear it next year in London, and you do not deal in puffs anticipatory. Yet a word more concerning the musical attractions of Leipzig—its being the residence of Rochlitz must not be forgotten, the patriarch of German criticism, and who lived in the hard days, when the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* had to deal with that comet of audacity and enterprise—Beethoven. The Chevalier’s journal is now under other editorship, and has become less venturesome in the cause of the romanticism of to-day, leaving the worship of the Liszts and Berlioz of the newest school of art to its rival the ‘Neue Zeitschrift,’ whose conductor, Herr Schumann, not only critically admires, but creatively emulates these passionate and dreamy artists; for his compositions, in parts beautiful, symmetrical, and attractive, are confessedly among the most decided expressions of mysticism which have ever been uttered through the medium of the piano. This gentleman, by the way, has a helpmate, artistically of the first value, in his lady—better known in England by her maiden name, Clara Wieck. I know not how otherwise to characterize her treatment of the pianoforte, than by saying, that I never heard any display so clear of what Uncle Selby would have called the *femalities*,—rarely a touch more decided, without exaggeration or violence,—rarely a reading of music more masterly, broad, and intelligent. Indeed, if there be a want in Madame Schumann’s playing, it is of the daintiness and coquetry, which are frivolous when coming from a man’s fingers, and can hardly be cultivated without enervation of his style.

I could say more about Leipzig, but as you are not its sworn historian, I will keep my remarks for another day. Enough that I left it regretfully, even for the ‘Christo della Moneta’ and the ‘Madonna’ at Dresden, and though the theatre promised me ‘Der Templer und die Judin,’ with Schröder-Devrient in the part of *Rebecca*. But no *mirage* more deceitful than the operatic announcements for the week of any given German theatre! For the *chef-d’œuvre* of Marschner, I had to accept the *chef-d’œuvre* of Auber. Here, in Herr Tichatschek’s *Masaniello*, I was reminded of my last year’s judgment, that in stage capabilities, I have never heard tenor more richly endowed by nature than he, whether as regards musical or physical qualifications. But I was grieved at the increased tendency towards bawling and ranting,

for which indeed the part gives scope, which I fancied I discerned in his performance. My other opera at Dresden was ‘Die Beiden Schützen,’ by Lortzing, who seems to be now largely popular in Germany as a writer of (so called) light music. At all events, his works have followed me,—at Frankfort, at Leipzig, I found them,—nay, and even here, where, to be in tune with the spirit of the place, the very organs ought only to discourse the music of Buxtehude, and the theatre to tolerate nothing more modern than some presentment by Gryphius, or Keyser, or George Benda. Even here flaunts in the tiny journal of the day, an entreaty, after the German fashion, that the directors of the theatre will consult their own interests and the pleasure of the lovers of music, by causing the ‘Czar und Zimmermann,’ of the Balfe of Germany, to be repeated for the comfort of the good men of Nuremberg! I have called Lortzing the Balfe of Germany, for the two, besides having fertility in common, are similar in position; each is an actor as well as a composer, and each attempts the popular at the sacrifice of the *national* in style. But our opera writer has the better of the parallel, because, while neither affects science, his tunes are the more rhythmical and popular. The spirit of melody, indeed, whether genuine or reflected, lives very feebly in the author of ‘Die Beiden Schützen’; and I have carried away from that opera no remembrances, save of forced attention to music neither sweet, nor symmetrical, nor scientific. They now tell me, that the ‘Czar und Zimmermann’ is his best work; but I heard the same thing last year of the opera which nearly put me to sleep at Dresden.

I had, however, my musical compensations in the Saxon metropolis; and these of a very high order and precious quality. The amateur may indeed mark with a white stone the day on which he has first heard a Silbermann organ, played upon by Herr Schneider, the Hof-organist—one of the most deservedly-renowned masters of his order in Europe. The organ, as built by Silbermann, seems to possess a generic suavity, a brilliancy, an immediate response to the finger, which, as far as I know, are distinctive and unique. No hissing, no wheezing, no lumbering pedal-growling—none of that ferocity of sound, which makes certain full organs I have heard at home so surgical to my ears, in spite of their wide-spread fame,—but tone, full, rich, various, and complete. This character in little, applies to the three organs I have heard from the same hand—those in Our Lady’s church, in the Catholic church, and in the Evangelical church of Dresden. The last is, I think, the sweetest. It ought to be so, as being under the domination of Herr Schneider. The difficulties and the limits of the organ vanish before this thorough musician. He played to me, for about an hour, some of the greatest master works of Sebastian Bach—then extemporized, with a science and a harmony, and an enthusiasm self-entailed, which are almost unique in my recollection: the *man* being all the while (for I must transgress into personality) as friendly, as homely, and as simple, as if he were not bestowing upon me a pleasure which kings might be glad to buy at his own price! I have rarely heard such organ-playing as Herr Schneider’s—never seen any one who so thoroughly fills up the healthy and picturesque *beau idéal* of the German musician. Concerning Dresden, I have not much more to note, save for the lover of stringed instruments, the admirable sweetness of the *Cremona quartett* in the Court Catholic church, to which the violins and violoncelli were given long ago. They still remain in their pristine pitch—full three quarters of a note, that is—below the modern orchestra; and hence the effect of the far-famed mass music, which they aid, is more puzzling to the ear than I can well express,—to say nothing of its being associated with the voices of artificial *soprani*, who sing with a most poignant and papal shrillness,—the whole however being, to speak honestly, less repulsive than I could have imagined, in spite of pre-conceived opinions. This flat and sluggish orchestral pitch reminds me, by a strange recoil, of Madame Pasta, who has been singing,—so the Vienna journals tell me,—in the Austrian capital, on her way to Russia, in her old grand style, but fatally false as to intonation. What is to become of her then, with orchestras as immoderately acute (according to M. Adam’s account, translated *Athen. ante p. 596*), as the Dresden mass orchestra is

antiquely languiscent, let the hyperborean sibyls determine.

As this accidental mention of Pasta has, by chance, led me to peep into South Germany, I may as well add to this *alla*, a line or two illustrating the state of dramatic music in the Austrian and Bavarian capitals, though not from personal experience. While all agree in extolling the Vienna corps, made up of Miles, Lutzer and Van Hasselt, the tenor Erl, and the bass Staudigl, as superior to any other operatic band in Germany; the cry for French and Italian music seems as importunate there as elsewhere. I may name Reuling's opera of 'Alfred the Great' as a native attempt; but I question whether you will ever hear more of it. At Munich, a like barrenness seems to prevail. That "swan with a confounded Bavarian name," as Bettina calls Lindpaintner, (in her own translation), is, however, promising a new work, 'Die Genueserin'; but the little I know of his music does not encourage me to prognosticate for it a very extended journey or life. This is but a Lenten catalogue, yet we shall live, I hope, to see the good days come round again.

I have now done—done too much, and not enough, many will say, who find in a letter thus dated, such scant notice of one of the most impressive and perfect memorials of the past still remaining in Christendom. Time permitting, I may try to repair my omissions, though, under all circumstances, to please myself or you in writing about Nuremberg will be hard, so brimful it is of treasures; and I have not learned the art (still extant here, if anywhere,) of carving a whole company of worthies, and a whole town full of wonders, on the surface of a cherry-stone.

H.F.C.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

A report has reached us of an extraordinary discovery, by Mr. Hullmandel, who had already done much to improve lithography, of a new mode of producing pictorial effects on lithographic stone by tints washed with a brush, like sepia drawing, which yield impressions so perfectly resembling original sketches, that the difference is not discernible. The painters, we are told, will now have at their command, a means of multiplying their own works, which their habitual practice renders available without altering their style of handling; for this new mode of lithography—or rather painting on stone—is just as if the sketch were made on stone instead of on paper. The variety and delicacy of the tints, the freedom and facility with which they are produced, and modified as well, and their durability under the printing process, are among the advantages attributed to this discovery, of which some trial-specimens, by Mr. Harling, have been handed about privately, but not yet published; the patents by which Mr. Hullmandel has secured to himself the benefit of his invention not being yet completed.

The Committee of the Glasgow Wellington Memorial are still divided in opinion as to the artist to whom the execution of the work shall be intrusted. The Sub-Committee of twenty-one have, on the motion of Mr. Alison the historian, given their vote in favour of Marochetti, satisfied, it is said, with a miniature model of his equestrian statue of Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, which he had sent as a specimen. This vote, however, is only recommendatory, and the General Committee will on Friday, the 20th, come to a final decision.

Those who are curious in matters of Middle Age art may be interested to hear that an ancient stained glass window has been lately erected in the Church of St. George's, Hanover Square. It belonged formerly to a convent at Malines, and was executed about the latter part of the fifteenth or beginning of the sixteenth century. The subject is "The Genealogy of Our Lord Jesus Christ," according to his human nature, as derived from Jesse through the twelve kings of Judah, previous to the Babylonian captivity. In the centre of the lower part is the figure of Jesse seated, the roots of a vine are on his head. On his right are Aaron and Esau; on his left, Moses and Elias.—The same circumstance which made us acquainted with this specimen of ancient art, led us to St. Martin's Church, and there we discovered in the vestry room some curious paintings, attributed to Old Francks. They are more curious than beautiful; but there are few curiosities merely

curious, throwing as they do almost always some light on something which is valuable, and therefore having themselves at least a collateral value. These eight little Martyrdoms—albeit very ill-drawn, and in a coarse style of execution, possess feeling and colour (quite fresh after the lapse of four hundred years); besides being, which is their chief merit, illustrative of early Flemish art. They much precede, we believe, the time of Old Francks, and have nothing of his manner, but belong to the Hemmelinck or Van Eyck School. A Mr. Geekie presented them to St. Martin's Church in 1684. Some of our artistic or antiquarian friends may like to visit them. There is also in a room below a portrait of Sir Edmundsbury Godfrey, and a tolerable likeness of Gibbs the architect, and a first-thought model for his St. Martin's Church. His second-thought, the present structure, is far better, differing principally as to the portico, but the manifold incongruities of a Roman façade stuck on an Italian body, a spire set straddleside upon a pedimental roof, &c., are equally offensive in both designs. Had Wren hit upon such a portico, he would have known what to do with it; but Gibbs resembles a Highlander, who, finding a pair of breeches, tacks them on as arms to his waistcoat.

A hasty paragraph in the papers received from India, announces the death of Miss Emma Roberts, at Poonah, on the 16th of September; one account says "suddenly," another, "after an illness of some months," and when about to return to Egypt. We believe that Miss Roberts had been unwell for some time, and was about to return to England, but no particulars are known.—The *Shrewsbury Chronicle* also, of the 30th ult., obligingly forwarded to us, announces the death of Mr. Hazeldine, the well-known practical engineer, who built the Menai and Conway Suspension Bridges, and many other great works of a like character.

Mr. Schomburgk, the South American traveller, has arrived in London, and will proceed forthwith to Guiana. During his late visit to Germany the King of Prussia conferred on him the order of the Red Eagle, and the Queen of Prussia and the King of Saxony each presented him with a handsome snuff-box.

We have, more than once, had occasion to advert to the experiments lately made, and so successfully, to give a musical education to the populace in France; and some interesting particulars relative to the performances in one of the public singing-schools of the metropolis, appeared in this paper some months ago, —furnished to us by a correspondent who visited it in person, with a view to forming his own judgment on the proficiency of the pupils and the prospects of the institution. We find in a French journal a statement and *résumé* which has been made of the influence exercised by this new educational system, under the direction of M. Wilhelm; and the results, (summarily expressed as "six thousand children and twelve hundred adults already initiated, to the great benefit of public order and morality, and a great impulse given to the art itself.") are sufficiently remarkable and suggestive to deserve that we should transfer the statement of them to our columns. It was only in March, 1835, that the Municipal Council decided on the introduction of elementary singing into the system of instruction followed in all the communal schools of Paris,—after the method and under the inspection of M. Wilhelm. In 1838, the Minister of Public Instruction extended the same measure to the royal colleges. At the present moment, elementary singing is taught in seventy children's schools, containing from six to seven thousand pupils, and fourteen schools of adults, with from fifteen to eighteen hundred scholars,—and in nearly all the royal colleges. At the *Halle aux Draps*, about five hundred workmen assemble; and the ardour, zeal and proficiency of these men are the subject of daily astonishment. The Cavalry School of Saumur has likewise adopted the Wilhelm method,—which has, besides, its adepts and propagators in the principal towns of France. Each winter, the monitors and select pupils of the various schools, to the number of five or six hundred, meet, under the direction of M. Wilhelm, either at the Hôtel de Ville or in the great hall of the Sorbonne, and execute, without accompaniment, compositions taken from the works of the greatest masters. Fragments of Gluck, Handel, Cherubini, Méhul, Sacchini, and Gossec are rendered

by these imposing masses, with a truth of intonation and rhythmical precision to which, it is said, there is nothing comparable in France. These different pieces, collected under the name of the Orphéon, form a Musical Repertory, increasing every day,—whence the popular classes, for whom this collection is especially designed, will draw, not merely an elementary acquaintance with the mere signs of musical reading, but the taste and sentiment of the beautiful, and be introduced, by the daily practice of the best models, to the highest enjoyments of the art. Already singing parties are spontaneously formed by the working classes, to go, on Sundays, and execute the musical masses in the different parishes around Paris.

We mentioned, a few weeks ago, a work of M. Klagmann's, a young sculptor of growing celebrity—the model for the Amphora designed by the Duke of Orleans, as his gift, to be contested for at the next meeting at Goodwood. The following description is given of a new work of art designed by the same artist, and executed by the joint labours of the artificers in Paris most distinguished in their several departments,—the sword presented by the Municipal Council of the Seine to the infant Comte de Paris. The materials are gold and steel. Three fine stones, a brilliant, a sapphire, and a ruby, adorn the handle. The guard represents the "County Paris" in his cradle—the cradle being a copy of the famous boat in the arms of the city—with the inscription "*Dieu le conduira.*" Two figures, representing the City of Paris and France, stand by the cradle-side. The semi-circular portion of the guard is a winged dragon, in the coils of a serpent. The sides of the handle are steel, ornamented with gold-work in relief, including symbolical representations of Strength and Justice. The pommel is surmounted by the Prince's crown, supported by four small figures wrought in massive gold, and described as being of a workmanship as finished and exquisite as if done in wax. The blade is enriched with incrustations of gold in relief. The subject on one side is War,—an allegorical composition, of at least forty figures, of the size of not more than ten millimètres each, but so arranged as to appear five times as large to the eye. On this side is the inscription, "*Au Comte de Paris, sa ville natale.*" The inscription on the reverse is "*Urbs dedit; patria prosit.*" The sheath is a single piece of steel, not soldered, but bored, and wrought all over with flowers, fruits, helmets, warrior figures, figures of geni, and fancies of all kinds, in a profusion which defies description. The very hook of the scabbard is a genius, bearing a shield, inscribed with the word *Patrie*. The head and end of the sheath are also of massive gold, incrustured with enamel, and having, on each side, the cypher of the Prince, on a ground of blue enamel. "And what is remarkable," says this description, "is, that all these ornaments of enamel and gold, all these superfluities of art, in no way interfere with the most rigorous demands of a weapon for service."

Donizetti's opera of *Lucrezia Borgia* has been introduced at the Italian theatre in Paris, as the first novelty of the season: the Ambigu-Comique has narrowly escaped destruction by fire: and a curious and lamentable casualty is mentioned, in the *Journal de l'Aveyron*, as having occurred on the stage of the town of Aurillac. For the performance of a piece entitled *Pierre le Rouge*, in whose orgies much wine is consumed, the manager, with a view to sobriety and economy, had recourse to a druggist for a substitute. The druggist made a mistake, which has cost the leading actor of the company his life, and a serious illness to another.

Letters from Berlin mention the appointment to the Professorship of the Faculty of Law, in that University, of Dr. Albrecht, one of the seven suspended Hanoverian Professors, for the protest against the *coup d'état* of King Ernest: and add, that two others, the brothers Grimm, have been invited to that metropolis, in the quality of members of the Academy of Sciences, and with an assigned pension, for their residence in this "city of refuge" for the literary and scientific.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

NEW EXHIBITION, representing THE SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY at Bethlehem, painted by M. Rénaud, from a sketch made on the spot by David Roberts, Esq. A.R.A., in 1830. "The spectator may almost suppose himself in the very birthplace of the Saviour."—*Times*. Also, THE CORONATION of Queen Victoria in Westminster Abbey, by M. Bouton. Open from Ten till Four.

THE THAMES TUNNEL.

OPEN to the Public every day, (except Sundays), from Nine in the Morning until Dark.—Admittance 1s. each. Entrance is on the Surrey side of the River, close to Rotherhithe Church. The Tunnel is 1140 feet in length, and brilliantly lighted with gas. The SHIELD IS ADVANCED TO WITHIN THE LIMITS OF THE COMPANY'S WHARF AT WAPPING; and Visitors are now allowed to pass under the entire breadth of the River, and to approach the Shield.

By order,
J. CHARLIER,
Clerk to the Company.

Walbrook Buildings, Walbrook,
5th Nov. 1840.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 8.—G. B. Greenough, Esq., in the chair.
Read, extracts from the following letters:—

1. From J. Brooke, Esq., dated Singapore, 9th June, 1840, stating that he had made a voyage in the *Royalist* yacht to the Bay of Boni, in the island of Celebes, which he says is 180 miles long by 40 to 50 broad; that he had surveyed upwards of 400 miles coast line, and had made some observations on the physical geography of the interior. By a subsequent letter from Mr. Brooke, of 18th July, 1840, he states his intention of making another survey along the coast of Borneo Proper.

2. Recent accounts had been received from Mr. Ainsworth, in which he states that he had just returned from the mountains of Kurdistan—that he had ascended the Peak of Rawandaz—visited Zulamark, where he experienced a very friendly reception from the patriarch, and that he found every disposition on the part of the Chaldean Christians to enter into friendly relations with the Anglican church.

A paper was next read by Capt. John Shepherd, R.N., 'Describing the Volcano of Kiruna in Hawaii, one of the Sandwich Islands.'—The party consisted of himself and several of the officers of H.M.S. *Sparrowhawk*, who having provided themselves with an interpreter and a guide left Vancouver's Bay, (which, since the visit of the *Blonde*, has been called Byron's Bay), at half-past seven in the morning of the 16th Sept. 1839, and travelled, for the first four miles, over an easy and well beaten path, through a country rather rough and broken, but adorned with breadfruit, ohea, and banana trees; in the vicinity of native dwellings were seen numerous plantations of sugar-cane, taro root, and sweet potatoes. For the next three miles their road lay through a wood composed of koa, candlenut, paper mulberry, gigantic ferns and other trees. The parasitical plants which flourish luxuriantly in that climate had so interwoven themselves amongst the branches, that they formed a grateful shade against the powerful rays of the sun. Emerging from the wood they came to an open country, but the road began to get rough and difficult, owing to the loose fragments of lava, which much impeded their progress and rendered their horses' feet sore. After a march of fifteen miles they were met by an inferior native chief named Paez, who had started on the previous day in order to prepare for their reception, and in his hospitable dwelling they partook of a comfortable repast: three hours more of painful travelling brought them to some Indian huts, where they passed the night. On the following morning they had proceeded about ten miles, when their proximity to the volcano, now a mile and a half distant, was announced by the issue of vapour from the cracks and crevices in the ground, whilst the smoke evolved from the crater was blown in clouds before the trade wind. The description of this mighty volcano, which is without a parallel in the world, was minutely given by Capt. Shepherd, but as our limits will not allow us to follow him through the whole of his interesting details, we shall endeavour to convey an idea of its most striking features. Three concentric and precipitous walls of indurated lava, of a circular form, or nearly so, inclose the space of volcanic action. The height of the outward wall is about 150 feet, that of the second nearly the same, but that of the third, which descends into the active crater, is 1,000 feet; connecting the foot of the outward and top of the second wall, is a horizontal belt or ledge of the same material, about half a mile wide; its surface is broken and uneven. Between the second and third is a similar ledge, and of equal dimensions, the interior circumference of which incloses the space occupied by the crater, whose diameter is three miles. These precipices are, by no means, continuous, but in several points they have fallen in, having been undermined by the

igneous action beneath, and hence slopes or ramps have been formed which admit of a descent to the crater. When the party arrived at the brink of the precipice overlooking the centre, a most imposing spectacle presented itself. Numerous small cones, of from twenty to thirty feet high, were throwing out volumes of sulphureous vapour, and pouring forth liquid lava, accompanied by loud detonations: lakes of molten matter, in violent agitation, were throwing up to a considerable height their fiery contents as the gaseous fluids from below passed through them; but towards the eastern circumference of the crater lay the principal point of interest; viz. a great lake of liquid lava, of an elliptical form, one mile long by half a mile broad. In order to reach this the party descended into the crater by a natural ramp on the western circumference, and cautiously feeling their way over this dangerous ground they visited several of the cones and small lakes as they passed, and at length arrived at the rocks which encircle the fiery gulph. On climbing to the summit of these, which are about 100 feet high, they looked down upon the expanse of liquid lava, which appeared to flow from south to north, the current being straightened in its course by a promontory, which projects from the eastern shore about half way across. Violent ebullitions, caused by the passage of elastic fluids from beneath, threw up the spray in many parts thirty or forty feet. Whilst in others the liquid mass underwent constant changes, both of colour and motion, being more or less bright, more or less agitated, according to the degree of energy exerted by the subterranean forces. In some places the current would flow on as unruffled as if it had been becalmed by the high projecting cliffs, leaving ridges of scoræ on the northern shore, as the sea does weed on the beach. Having observed a gap in the surrounding rocks in the south-eastern part, the party conceived that it would afford them an opportunity of contemplating the scene by night, if they should take a position on the brink of the precipice bounding the great crater directly opposite to it. With this object in view they retraced their steps across the crater, and gained the desired point at nightfall; they had passed about an hour enjoying the magnificent spectacle below, when a fresh outburst of lava from a part of the crater to the southward of the great lake, arrested their attention. With violent detonations and a crashing noise, a flood of molten matter appeared, which, spreading in all directions, covered, in a very short time, a space of more than 300,000 square yards, and what a few minutes before had been a black scoraceous surface, presented a vast sheet of fire, emitting intense light and heat, and glowing with indescribable brilliancy. At length, wearied with the fatigues of the day, the party left this exciting scene, and retired to rest in some Indian huts built on the brink of the precipice. A very remarkable feature of this volcano is the subsidence of the ground surrounding the crater. Let us imagine in the first place a plain of uneven surface, from fifteen to sixteen miles in circumference, situated on the gentle slope of an enormous mountain, "Mowna Roa," to be undermined in its whole extent, and to sink bodily and perpendicularly 100 feet, leaving a circular precipice formed by its subsidence, whose brink stands indicative of its former level: secondly, the area of another circle of reduced diameter, a part of the surface of the already sunken circular plain, and concentric with it, to undergo a similar change of position, converting the remainder of the first sunken area into a ledge or circular zone, of the breadth of half a mile; and lastly, let us figure to ourselves that from the centre of this second sunken surface, the area of a third concentric circle three miles in diameter, subsides 1,000 feet, forming what is denominated the great crater, and leaving a second and similar zone to the first, also half a mile in width, and bordered by a precipice, from the brink of which you look down upon boiling lakes of liquid lava, and numerous cones vomiting fire with violent detonations, and some feeble idea may be formed of the extent and first appearance of this great volcanic phenomenon. Another singular circumstance attending the change of level of the surface of the crater, is its tendency to elevation, and the rapidity with which it is raised. In 1824, the level of this surface was between eight and nine hundred feet

lower than at present, and there was at that time another circular ledge, which is now obliterated. This is evidently caused by the flow of lava from the cones, and other sources within it: and when we consider that seven square miles of surface have been raised 800 feet in sixteen years, equal to an accumulation of rather more than one cubic mile of lava, it conveys an idea of the vast extent of the subterranean agency. If the same rate of accumulation should continue for eighteen or twenty years longer, it is evident that the present surface would be elevated to the level of the interior zone, or 1,000 feet; but, in all probability, before this could happen, the lava would find a vent through rents and fissures in the ground, or the subterranean vaults might again give way, and another subsidence takes place.

The reading of this paper gave rise to a discussion, in which Captain Washington, Mr. Greenough, Mr. Smith, and Col. Jackson, took a part.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

The meetings recommenced on the 7th inst.—Sir G. T. Staunton, Bart. M.P. in the chair.

A letter from Dr. Burn, of the Bombay Medical Service, was read, presenting three ancient copper-plates, found near the city of Baroach, bearing grants of land in a peculiar form of the Devanagari character.

A letter was also read from one of the Society's Corresponding Members at Calcutta, Mahārājā Kālī Krishna, giving an account of an armorial bearing on a seal, in imitation of European heraldic emblems, which had been granted to him by the Government of India.

A paper was then read, containing an account of the town and neighbourhood of Kurachee, situated near the most western mouth of the Indus, in that part of Sindh which borders on Belochistan. This account was principally devoted to the mode of building now employed there by the natives, and to the architectural resources which the country would afford under better management. The present condition of the place is stated to be of the most miserable description. The houses are huddled together without any regularity: they are intersected by very narrow alleys, just allowing the passage of two persons; and are built either of wicker-work plastered with mud, or of mud alone. Although plenty of stone is found in the neighbourhood of the town, it is not used in building. The windows are few, and merely loop-holes. The doors are narrow, and nearly perpendicular: a single "shovel-shaped chimney" lets out the smoke, and admits the wind and rain. It is remarked that the character of the place is indicative of the lightness of the monsoon; and that a week or ten days' rain, such as is experienced in Bombay, would lay the whole level with the ground. The timber of Sindh is invariably small; no large trees whatever; and the shipwrights import teak from the Malabar coast at considerable cost. Tiles and bricks might be made; and some persons have recently attempted to establish such a manufacture, but with little success, from the smallness of the demand; though there is a considerable manufactory of earthen vessels in the town. Limestone of good quality is found in the neighbourhood, and considerable quantities are brought to the town for the purpose of making *chunam*, which is used for plastering the terraces of the more wealthy inhabitants. Good thatch is manufactured of *Pun*, a sort of bullrush, like the *Pambajree* of many Indian rivers. This *Pun* is obtained in large quantities on the Delta of the Indus, and a great deal is brought to Kurachee, where it is much employed, and is found to be an effectual defence against the rain. Hinges, nails, and other ironmongery are rudely manufactured at Kurachee, but much is also imported from Bombay. Paint, oil, and dammer are also imported, and sold at high prices. There being no road through the country, all goods are transported on the backs of oxen, asses, or camels. The two former animals are strong and efficient; but the camel is very inferior to that of India, and cannot travel under a heavy load. The workmen to be had in Kurachee are described as very unskilful, and remarkably indolent. Half their time is employed in smoking, attended by a pipe-bearer, the hire of whom is paid by the employer of the workman. Any bricklayer or carpenter of Bombay, however unskilful, will perform three times the work of a Kurachee artisan. Boys are employed to carry rubbish and beat

chunam, and they exert themselves far more readily than do the men. The paper concluded with a remark, that, with all these disadvantages, it is not to be wondered at that Kurachee should have the appearance of having been built after the models supplied by the beaver, the magpie, and the pismire.

The Secretary read a portion of a report furnished by a Committee nominated by the Government of India with reference to the production of coal in the different provinces subject to our dominion in the East.—This summary contains a very satisfactory account of the resources producible in the East in aid of steam navigation; and the investigations extend over Tenasserim, Assam, Sylhet, Cuttack, Burdwan, Rajmahal, the Soan, and the Nerbudda. The portion read embraced that part of the Report relative to the Tenasserim province.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—Nov. 6.—Dr. H. A. Meeson in the chair.—Various donations of British Plants were announced, and also a large parcel from Dr. Martius, of Munich. A specimen was exhibited of *Aspidium rigidum*, collected near Silverdale, Westmoreland: a monstrosity of *Trifolium repens*, in which the pistil had become a single leaf, and the segments of the calyx were more or less leaf-like; and a specimen of *Jungermannia ciliaria* with *Calyces*, collected at Brassies Clova.—The following papers were read: 'Note on *Aspidium rigidum*' by the Rev. W. T. Bree; 'Remarks on *Aspidium dilatatum* and *spinulosum*,' by Mr. S. P. Woodward; and the commencement of a paper on '*Makania Guaco*,' by Mr. James Harvey.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—The first meeting for the season was held at their rooms in Pall Mall on Tuesday. After the election of Fellows and the transaction of the usual business, the Secretary then read a paper containing a summary of the scientific communications made to the Society during the past session. After some remarks from Drs. A. T. Thompson and Sigmond, and other members, on the mode of growing plants in closed vessels, one of the subjects animadverted upon in this paper, the meeting adjourned.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	{ Statistical Society	Eight, P.M.
	{ Royal Academy (Anatom. Lect.)	
TUES.	{ Linnean Society	Eight.
	{ Geological Society	1 p. Eight.
WED.	{ Society of Arts	Eight.
	{ Royal Society	1 p. Eight.
THUR.	{ Society of Antiquaries	Eight.
FRI.	{ Botanical Society	Eight.

MISCELLANEA

Scientific Congress at Turin.—This meeting consisted of upwards of 400 physicians, geologists, natural philosophers, &c., and of six sections. It commenced on the 17th of September, the same day as the meeting at Glasgow. The papers upon which the most animated debates took place were medical, but no important discovery appears to have been announced. The next place of meeting, in 1841, is Padua. The meeting adjourned on the 30th of September.

A new Musket.—The French papers give an account of experiments which have been making at Saint-Étienne with a new musket, the invention of M. Philippe Mathieu. These muskets, called *fusils à six coups*, have, nevertheless, but a single barrel and a single lock. In form, they differ little from the common musket; the most perfect of which has, it is said, no advantage over them either in beauty or lightness. Their direction is more sure, and their danger to the bearer less. The six discharges are independent of each other; so that one, or more, may be made—and supplied by reloading separately—or the whole six charges may be fired off, one after the other, and with surprising rapidity. One of these new muskets fired 8,000 charges, without effecting the slightest derangement of any part of the instrument.

Origin of the Names Whig and Tory.—[From a Correspondent.]—No two writers have agreed respecting the origin or etymology of the terms Whig and Tory, which have become so universally known. There is still room for conjecture; and it is the more interesting to ascertain the real cause of these famous designations, as it is not improbable they may shortly disappear from the face of our future history, giving place to those of Liberal and Conservative. Rapin, in his '*Dissertation sur les Whigs et les Torys*,'

1717, p. 34, says, that the term Tory was first applied to certain brigands or outlaws of Ireland, in the time of Charles I., and that the same banditti were known in his time under the name of Rapparees; and he adds farther, p. 45, that the Cavaliers became distinguished in the reign of Charles II. by the appellation of Tories, and the Roundheads under that of Whigs, though he cannot precisely tell at what period of that reign this took place. This statement of a fact does not throw any light on the meaning of the words. No person conversant with the Gaelic language appears to have attempted their explanation; but the terms, being neither English nor Scottish, their signification must be sought for in that language. The Irish partizans of Sir Phelim O'Neal called themselves, and were designated by others, as the King's friends or party, that is, *Taobh-Righ*, pronounced *Taorie*, a word equally used by the same party in the Highlands of Scotland. The word *Co-thuigae*, pronounced shortly *Cuigae*, is also a Gaelic term, and is applied to persons who mutually understand each other, who think alike on a given subject, people who enter into a compact to defend an opinion—in fact, Covenanters. It is, indeed, the most expressive and definite term that could be found for persons entering into a covenant against the law. It amounts almost to a demonstration that the above derivation of Whig is correct, from the fact that it was first imposed when the "Highland Host," as it was called, was brought down and quartered on the Covenanters of the west of Scotland. The word was readily adopted by the more unmerciful soldiers of the Low country; but the persecuted people, to whom it was applied as a stigma, took pride in it, and it was ultimately adopted by the supporters of liberal principles, and the preachers of similar feeling, both in England, Scotland, and Ireland. It is remarkable, that terms of so local and limited a character should finally become the designations of the two political parties so long known in these kingdoms, and arising among the enthusiasts of a corner of the empire, should become widely spread, even beyond the limits of Europe and America.—D.M.

Earthquake at Comrie.—A rather smart shock was felt here on the evening of the 26th, at a quarter to 7 o'clock. The seismometers, or earthquake markers, were on this last occasion very sensibly affected. One of them, Mr. Milne's vertical force one, ranged 4° on its scale, which is about three-fourths of an inch from its zero, or point of rest. Another, the dip instrument, indicated the shock to have come upon it at an angle of 45° to the horizon, in the direction of W. by N. So that if the hill of Cluan be, as is here generally supposed to be the case, directly over the focus of these shocks, this would give a depth to it under that hill, within the bowels of the earth, of about two miles. The barometer and thermometer were not affected. The former stood at 29½ inches, the latter at 48° Fahrenheit. The night was calm and misty.—Scotch mist it might be called—for it was accompanied with a gentle drizzle. This is now the third shock that has been sensibly felt within the current month (October).—Scotch paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Φ—K. L.—Beroe—Ultimus, received.—W. A. B. left as requested.—We are obliged to "A Constant Reader," but the notice came too late.—W. C., The numbers containing the engraving of the New Houses of Parliament, &c. can still be had.—The paper by R. M. (Leeds) is not suited to the Journal, but shall be returned if he will send his address.

Mr. Spencer, not satisfied with our explanation last week (p. 894), has resolved to print his letter as an advertisement. To this we can have no objection. As, however, by such a proceeding, Mr. Spencer may be thought to re-assert his "moral conviction," it may be well to say, that our statement was made with the manuscript report before us. The reader will now be able to estimate the value of this gentleman's "moral convictions." Mr. Spencer, it appears from a private note, is hurt at our having said that "he knew perfectly well" that Prof. Jacob's communication to the Petersburg Academy was announced in *Der St. Petersburger deutschen Zeitung* of the 30th of October, 1838. Perhaps we were wrong. We had no right to assume that a party, however deeply interested, had ever heard of *Der St. Petersburger deutschen Zeitung*, or of the *Bulletin Scientifique*, the authorized publication of the Academy, in which also it was announced in October, 1838—or of the French papers—or of the *Athenæum* itself, in which it was announced in May, 1839—months "before Mr. Spencer made any such publication as can be received in evidence." And yet Mr. Spencer assumed that he had a right, while in such utter and extraordinary ignorance, to address to us a "private" letter for our "guidance" in this matter, and to denounce therein Prof. Jacob as uttering "glaring falsehoods" for simply referring to these notorious facts.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Liverpool, November 11.

SIR, My former letter, although conventionally addressed to you, was meant for the public. My object in writing it will, therefore, not be attained, unless it be laid unaltered before them. The course you have thought proper to pursue in this matter, leaves me no other alternative than to request that it, with this note, may be inserted in your columns by way of advertisement, as there the report I complain of appeared.

Yours respectfully,
THOMAS SPENCER.

Liverpool, October 27.

SIR,—I write to correct a statement made in last week's *Athenæum*, in reference to what took place at Glasgow between myself and Prof. Jacob. It occurs in your report of Wednesday's proceedings of the Chemical Section,—the account there given being almost the reverse of the truth. That this is not to be attributed to your reporter, I am morally convinced; it being also one of those things there could be no mistake about. I am, therefore, led to believe it must have been intentional, and, as such, given as an opinion; but being wrong as to the facts, I am in common courtesy bound also to believe it has been done by some party who was not present at the meeting, but wished merely to express his private opinions. Now, Sir, I can see no reasonable objection to any one's opinion being publicly expressed on the matter at issue, if such should be, but I do most strongly protest against private opinions passing as accurate reports of real occurrences. Whoever was the concocter of the paragraph in question, it should not have appeared in your report, but should such appear in its proper place, with either a direct or even an implied responsibility attached to it, I should be but too happy to give it a lengthened reply, but under the circumstances, *stultus labor est inepitium*. However, to set your readers right as to the correctness of the assumed report, allow me to enter into one or two details. Speaking of Prof. Jacob, it says, "In his pamphlet, the date of the first communication to the Petersburg Academy is 5th of October, 1839." So far this is perfectly correct, and agrees with the pamphlet, but then your reporter adds, "but it was stated that the date was 30th of October." This last I most distinctly deny—no such statement having been made. If such error existed, which is possible, it should have been exposed publicly, and in my hearing, it being one of the most important points between us. Again, the paragraph closes with the following:—"He (myself) did not, however, publish any of his experiments (my experiments) till 1839; so that such error is undoubtedly entitled to the claim of priority of discovery, as far as publication is concerned, which usually determines the question." Now, this appearing in your report, would lead any one to suppose that such had been the decision of the President and the meeting at Glasgow. Such, however, is very wide of the truth. I most certainly regret that the whole of the proceedings of that day had not been given *verbatim*, although a large portion of them would have tended more to amuse than to edify. The decision of Dr. T. Thomson on that occasion was as follows: After expressing an opinion on publication, he added—"There could be no reasonable doubt on the mind of any person, that both gentlemen had been discoverers independent of each other." And let me add, from the expression of feeling on the occasion, I have reason to believe this opinion was shared by the common with the rest of the meeting, although, as respects myself, I did not go there with any intention of establishing my own right, as respected dates, never deeming it possible that such would be called in question. This decision of Dr. Thomson's was all I asked, or ever laid claim to; although, granting the misprint of the pamphlet, I was a whole year in advance of Prof. Jacob, but did not wish to urge it; he, also, being unable to claim, under any pretence whatever, the subsequent improvements made in the processes by myself, resting solely on the single fact, that his own electrical process he had been able to deposit on the solid state on copper, which he was occasionally unable to remove from the plate on which it was deposited, and, according to his published letters, at the close of 1838, to the extent of being unable to divine the reason why they should so adhere together. But the ungenerous part of the proceedings on his side were, his assertions, that I was induced to make my experiments, and to publish my discoveries; when, in point of fact, my discovery was known, in the strict legal sense, publicly in Liverpool in the winter of 1837, nearly a year before the Professor, according to his own statement, thought anything about it. I was, therefore, Jacob was just as likely to receive a letter from Liverpool, mentioning my discovery in the beginning of 1838, as I was to receive a Russian newspaper, containing the current account of my discovery, at the end of the same year (granting his own date). Indeed, when the circumstances are taken into consideration, much more so; as, upon strict inquiry, I have been enabled to learn, only one copy of the paper is to be found in the metropolitan, at public institution. However this may be, I do not hesitate to acknowledge his originality on the one side, while I am, in strict justice to myself, bound to protect my own claims on the other. Connected with the proceedings at Glasgow, not the least inappreciable part, to me, is to follow. In the same number of your Journal, a paper of Dr. Jacob's is given. 'On the Principles of Electro-magnetic Machines.' This paper is printed with inverted commas; the inference being in such cases, that it was written and corrected by the author, being something more than a mere report. I was present when that paper was read, or rather, the bulk of it was spoken. When it was closed, I ventured some remarks on the portion of it that relates to the thickness of wire necessary to be used for electro-magnetic purposes. Dr. Jacob said then, and this is repeated in your paper, "The thickness of the wire twisted into a helix, and surrounding a rod of iron, is absolutely of no consequence when the provision is a constant opinion, and given as his own. This I shall make no comment on, but point to yourself and readers where the paragraph occurs, as the fact must be in the recollection of all who were present at the meeting. It is to be found in the third column of page 842, commencing at 2ndly, and ending at 3rdly, and I must however add, nothing could be more contradictory than the beginning and its ending,—the one being the opinion of the Professor, the second being my own, which was treated by him as an absurdity. In conclusion, I find it much less troublesome to protect a discovery than to make it.

I am, yours, respectfully,
THOMAS SPENCER.

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